MVSICKE OF SVNDRIE KINDES,

Set forth in two Bookes.

THE FIRST WHEREOF ARE,

Aries for 4. Voices to the Lute, Orphorion, or Basse-Viol, with a Dialogue for two Voices, and two Basse Viols in parts, tunde the Lute way.

THE SECOND ARE

Pauens, Galiards, Almaines, Toies, Iigges, Thumpes and such like, for two Basse-Viols, the Lira way, so made as the *greatest number may serue to play alone, euery* one to be performde.

Composed by THOMAS FORD.

Imprinted at London by IOHN WINDET, at the Assignes of WILLIAM BARLEY, and are to be sold by Iohn Browne at Saint Dunstons church yard in Fleetstreet. 1607.

A Table of the Songs contained in this booke.

1 Not full twelue yeares

2 What then is loue

3 Vnto the temple.

4 Now I see thy lookes were fained.

5 Goe passions.

6 Come phillis.

7 Faire, sweet, cruell.

8 Since first I saw your face.

9 There is a Ladie.

10 How shall I chen.

11 A Dialogue.

When you sing alone to the Lute, such notes as are broken or di-
uided by reas on of the words, are to be sung or plaide in one
stroke according to their true value.

44.
5. 10.
1a1.

TO THE VVORTHIE
and vertuuos Knight,
SIR RICHARD *W*ESTON.

SIR albeit muſicke may inſtly chalenge an intereſt in the beſt parte of my education, I could be content for manie reaſons to conceale my defects from the cenſure of ſharper iudgementes, but the perſwaſion of ſome priuate friendes, together with the general good of ſuch as take delight therein, hath encouragde me to vndergoe this hazard, which ſtands vpon the tickle point of liking, being in nothing more variable then in muſicke: I ſhall not neede to make an Apologie in defence of theſe muſickes, ſince none are ſo much in requeſt nor more gene- receiued then of theſe kindes, which with all hartie affection I offer to your honorable iudgement not as a worke whoſe merit or worth deſerues ſo iudicious a patron, but a manifeſtation of my worthleſſe affection bound vnto you by ma- ny particular fauours: nor dare *I* vpon mine owne iudgement make expecta- tion great with fair promiſes, yet thus much I dare preſume, you ſhal find variety, and ſith ſome of them hath beene gracdwith your ſpeciall faueur and liking, *I* doubt not they may alſo giue contentment to thoſe that ſeekes delight, more then fautes, to whoſe kind acceptance vnder your worthie protection, *I* com mend theſe firſt fruites of my ſtudies.

Your Worſhips humbly deuoted

THOMAS FORDE.

CANTVS 1.

O full twelue yeares twice folde A wearie breath I haue exchanged for

A wished death, my course was short the longer is my rest, God takes them soonest whom he loueth

best for he that's borne to day and dies to morrow loseth some dayes of mirth

burthen of sorrow. Why feare we death that cures

our sicknesse come to grieue vs Author of rest and ende of all distresses.

deth stroke at once and that stroke doth relieue vs?

BASSVS.

TENOR.

ALTVS.

O full twelue yeares twise tolde, A wearie breath I haue exchangde, for a wished death, my

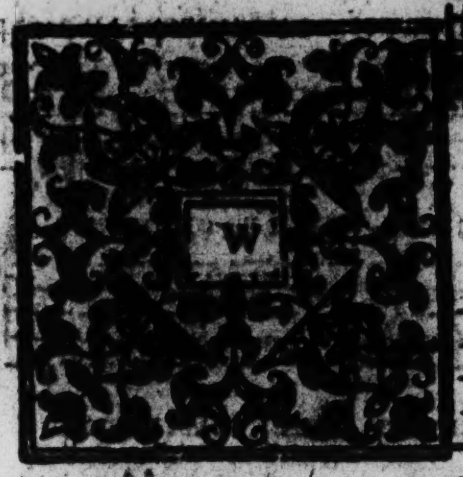
course was short, the longer is my rest, God takes them soonest whome he loueth best, for he thats

borne to day, and dies to morrow, loseth some dayes of mirth, but months of sorrow of sorrow, why

feare we death that cures our sickness, that cures our sickness further of rest & end of all

there mis-for-tunes oft comes to grieue vs oft- ten comes to grieue vs, doth strike but once & that stroke doth

die to relieue vs.



Hat then is loue sings Cori- don since Phillida is growne so coy.
A flattring glasse to gaze vp- pon a bussieste A fel-ous toy.

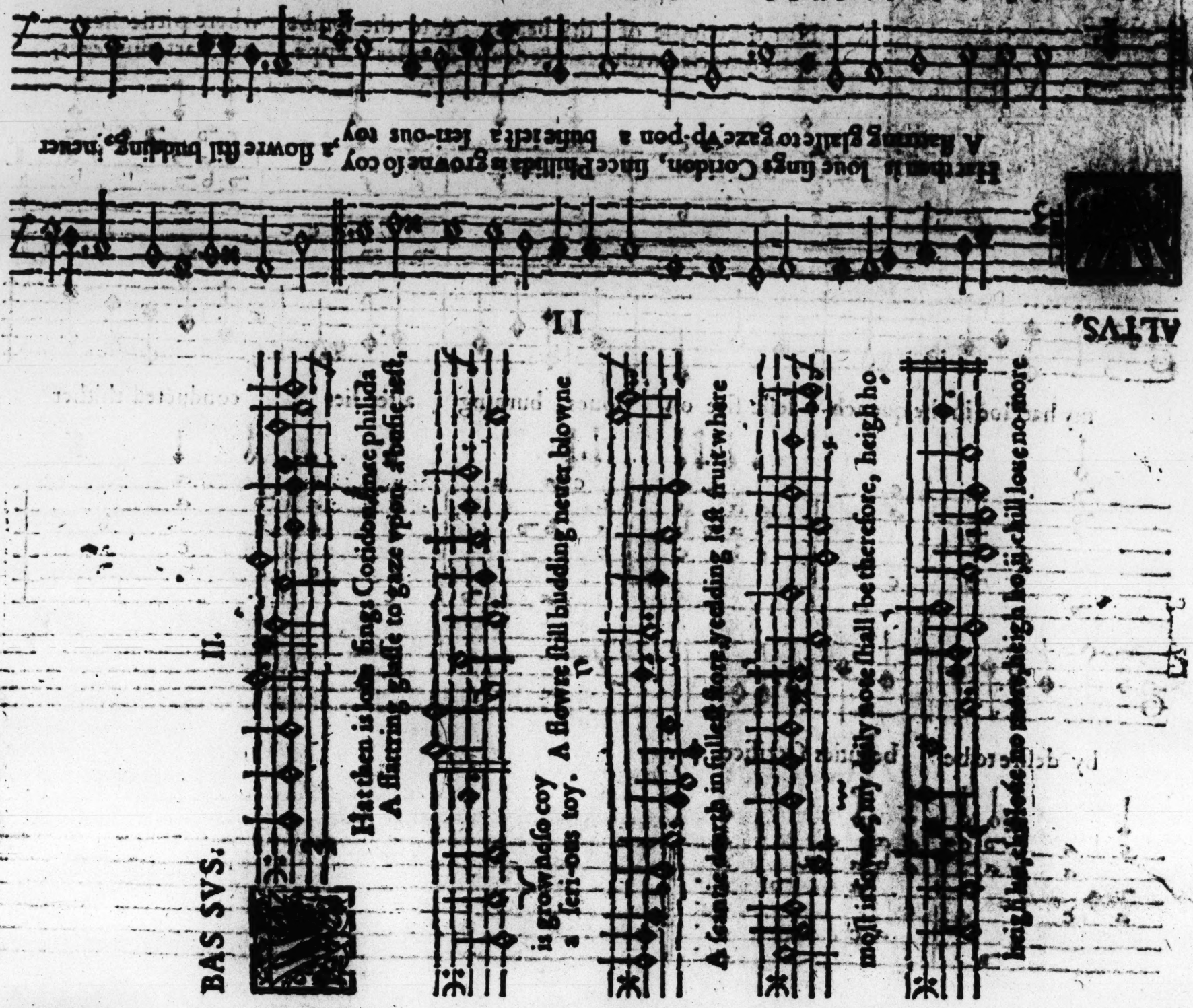
A flowreful budding ne- uer blown A scantie dearth in fulleſt ſtore yeelding leaſt fruite where

moſt is sowne my dalie note shal be therefore heigh ho heigh ho chill loue!

no more heigh ho, heigh ho, chil loue no more.

Tis like a morning dewie rose
Spread faintly to the suns arise,
But when his beames he doth disclose,
That which then flourisht quickly dies.
It is a selfe fed dying bale,
A greedie blisse, a timelesse sore,
An aimelesse marke, an erring scope,
My dailies mone shall be therefore,
Heigh ho &c.

Tis like a Lampe shining to all,
Whilst in it selfe it doth decay,
It seemes to flourish, whē it doth thrall,
And leades our foolish thoughts astray,
It is the spring of wasted harts,
Parcht by the summers heate before,
Faint hopes kindly warmth converts,
My daily paine shall be therefore
Heigh ho.

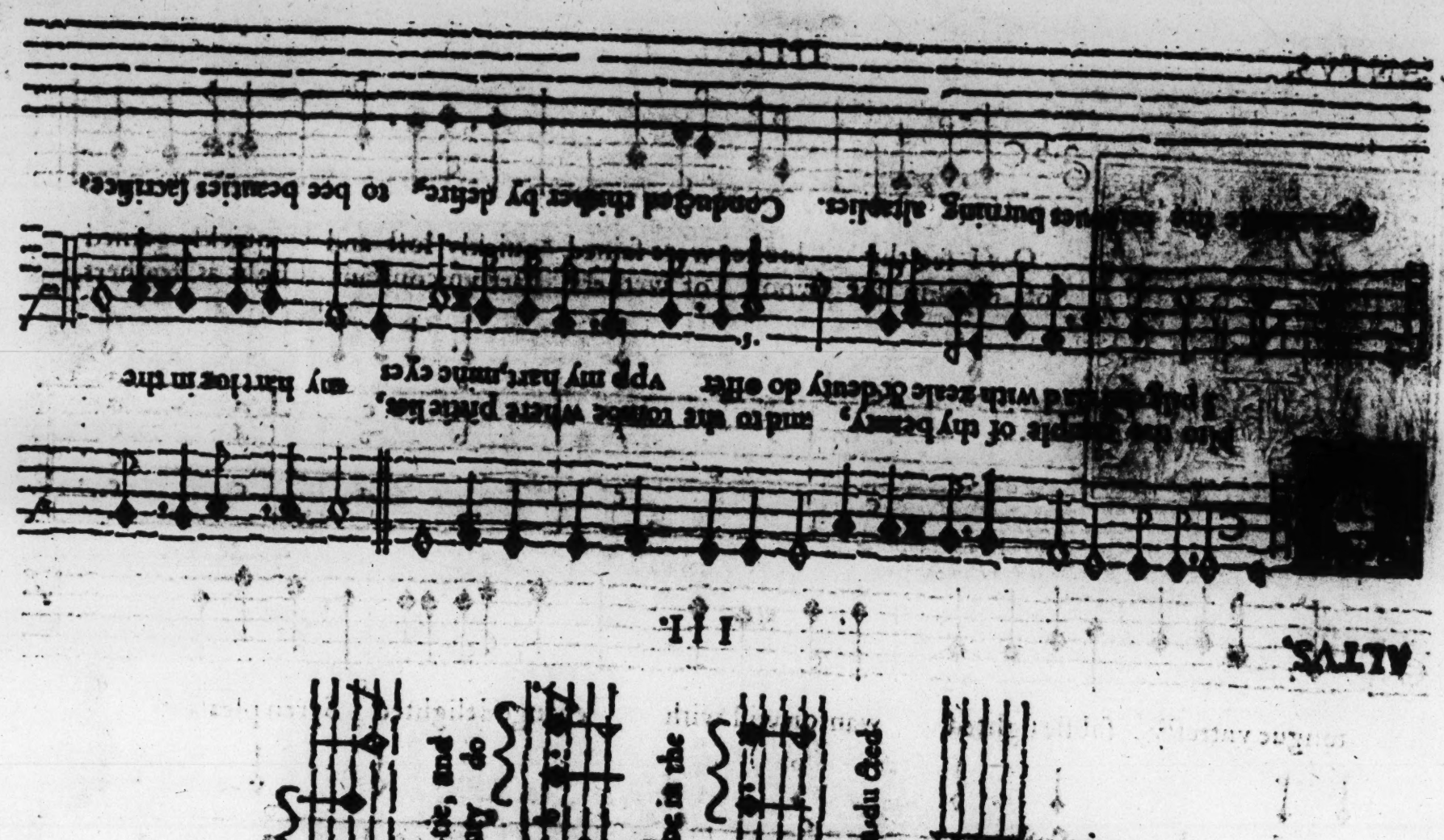

ALTVS.
Hat then is loue sings Coridon, since Phillida is growne so coy
A flattring glasse to gaze vpon, a busie eleft, a serious toy,
A flowre still budding, neuer blowne,
A scantie dearth in fullest store,
yeelding leaft fruit where most is sowne,
my daily note shall
chereforc, heigh
ho, chil loue
no more, heigh
ho chill loue no more.
II.
BAS VS.
TENOR
II
Hat then is loue sings Coridon, since Phillida is growne so coy
A flattring glasse to gaze vpon, a busie eleft, a serious toy, A flower still budding
neuer blowne, A scantie dearth in fullest store, yeelding leaft fruit where most is sowne, my daily note shall
be therefore, heigh ho, heigh ho, chil loue no more, heigh ho, chill loue no more, no more.

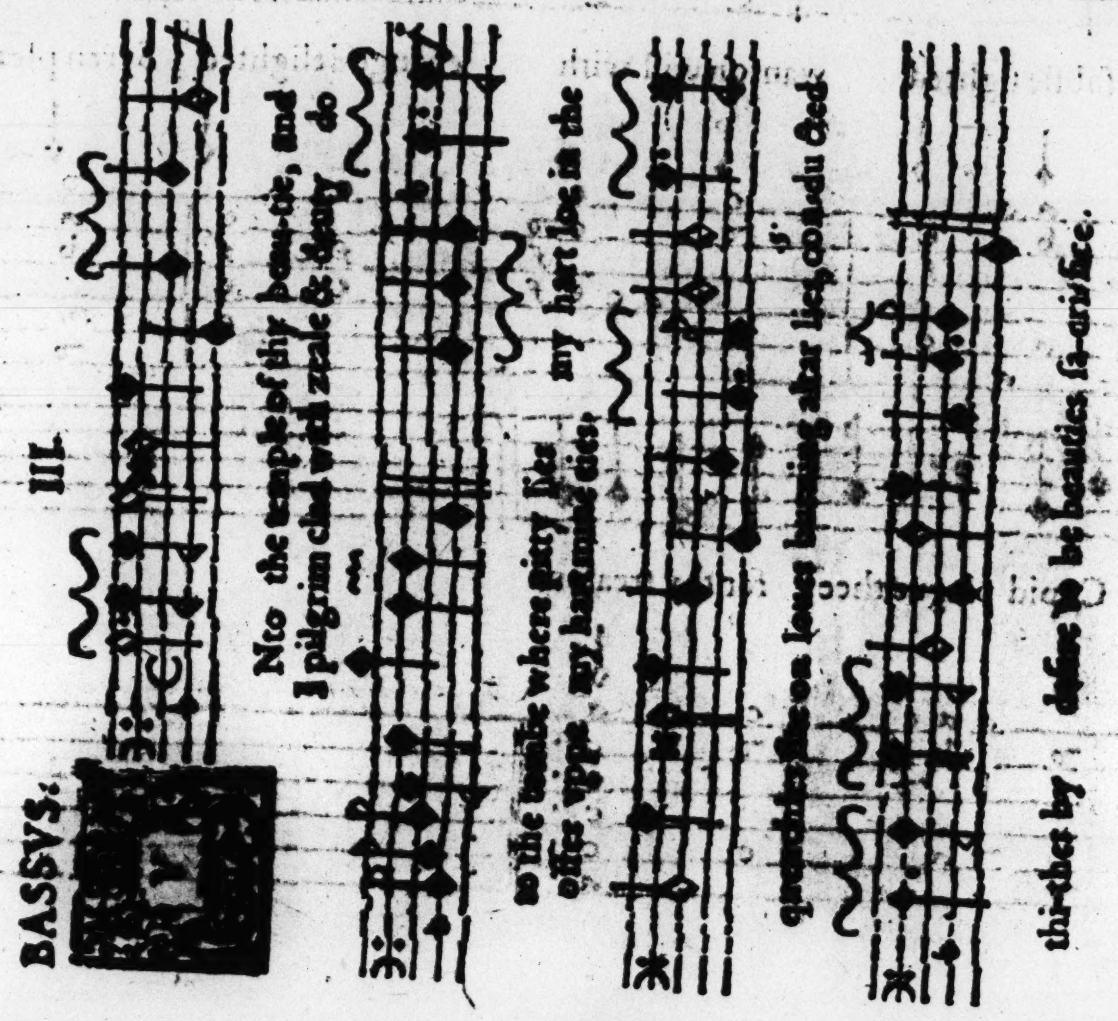
Nov the temple of thy beauty & to the tombe where pittie lies
Ipilgrime clad with zeale & deuty do offer vppe my hart mine eyes,

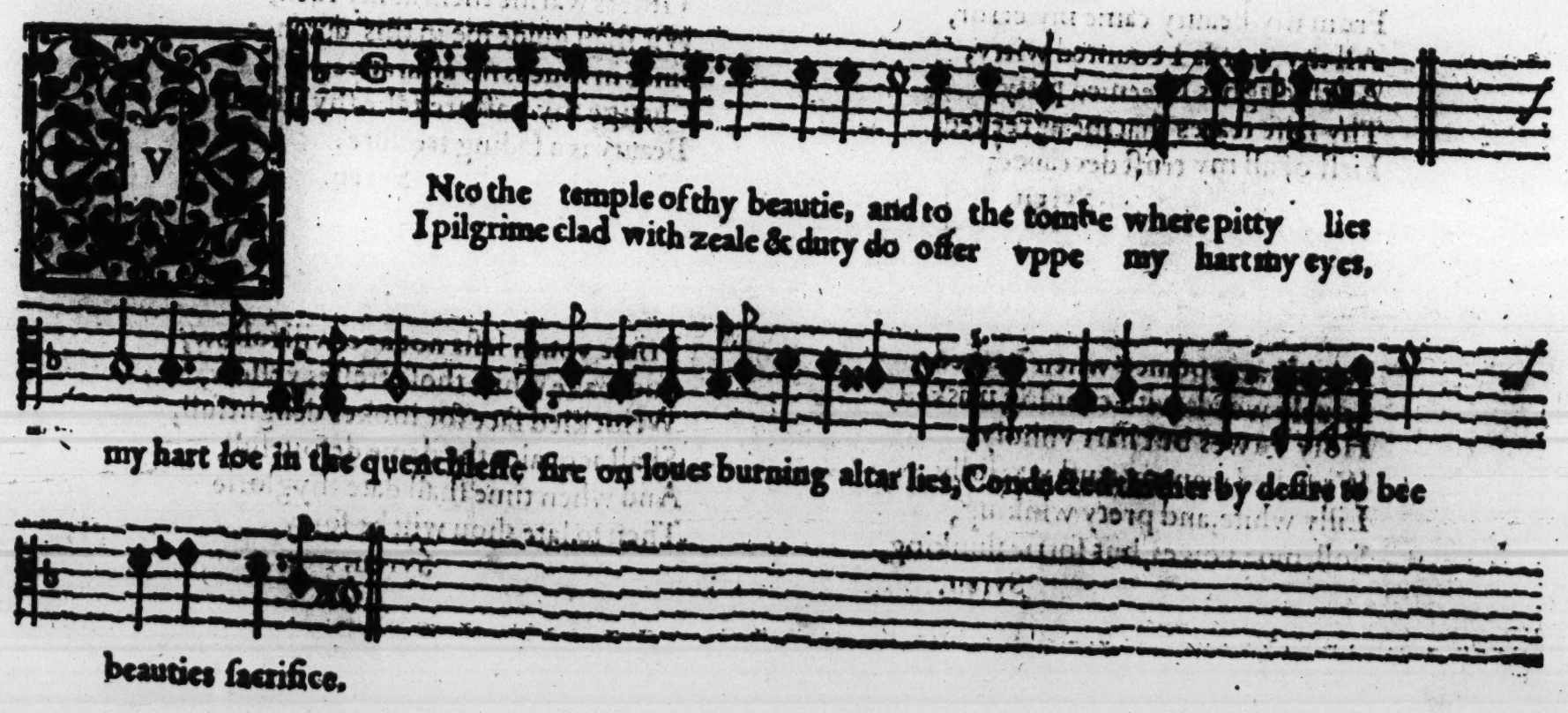
my hart loe in the quench- lesse fire on louer burning alter lies conducted thither

by deuote to be beauties sacrifice.

But pitty on thy sable herse,
mine eyes the teares of sorrow shed
What though teares cannot face reuerse,
Yet are they dutiest to the dead,
O mistresse in thy sanctuarie,
why wouldst thou suffer cold disdaine,
To vse his frozen cruelty,
and gentle pitty to be slaine.

Pittie that to thy beautie fled,
and with thy beames should haue liu'de,
Ah is thy hart lies buried,
and neuer more may be reuiu'de,
Yet this last fauour deare extend,
to accept these vowes, these teares I shed
Duties which I thy pilgrime send,
to beauty liuing pitty dead.

ALTVS.
III
Nto the temple of thy beautie, and to the tombe where pitty lies
I pilgrime clad with zeale & duty do offer vppe my hart my eyes,
my hart loe in the quenchlesse fire on loues burning altar lies, Conde&ended thereby by desire to bee
beauties sacrifice.


III
BASSVS.
Nto the temple of thy beautie, and
I pilgrim clad with zeale & duty do
offer vppe my hart loe in the
quenchlesse fire on loues burning altar lies, Conde&ended
thereby by


TENOR
III
V
Nto the temple of thy beautie, and to the tombe where pitty lies
I pilgrime clad with zeale & duty do offer vppe my hart my eyes,
my hart loe in the quenchlesse fire on loues burning altar lies, Conde&ended thereby by desire to bee
beauties sacrifice.

CANTVS. IIII.

Owl-eyed skill-lesse, leather-winged, quickly-soft and quickly-gained
soft, shrill-like swan of weather, hard-to-constant light-as-feather,

tongue vntrusty subtle sighted wanton will with changed-delighted Syren pleasant

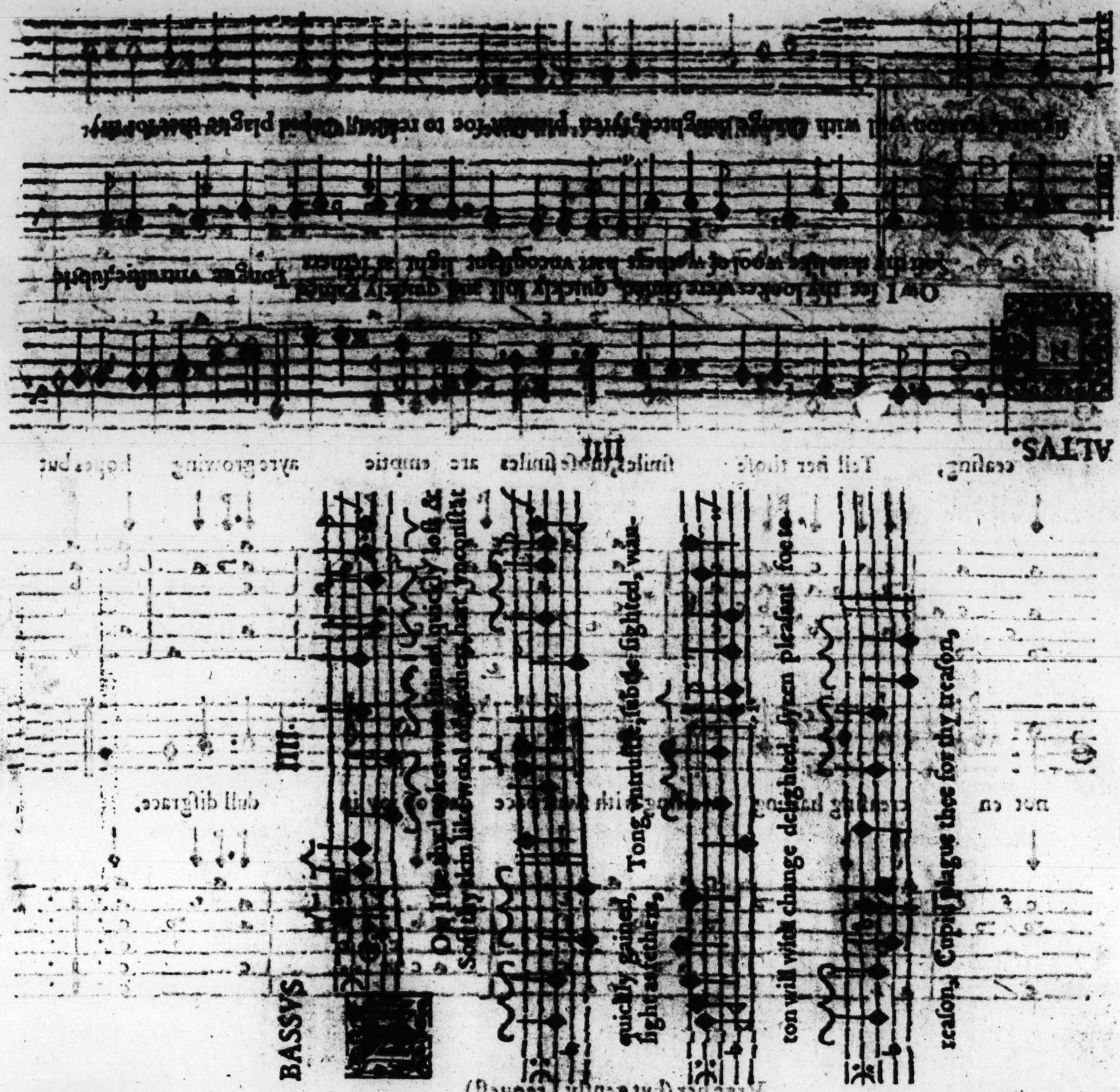
foe to reason, Cupid plague thee for thy treasons

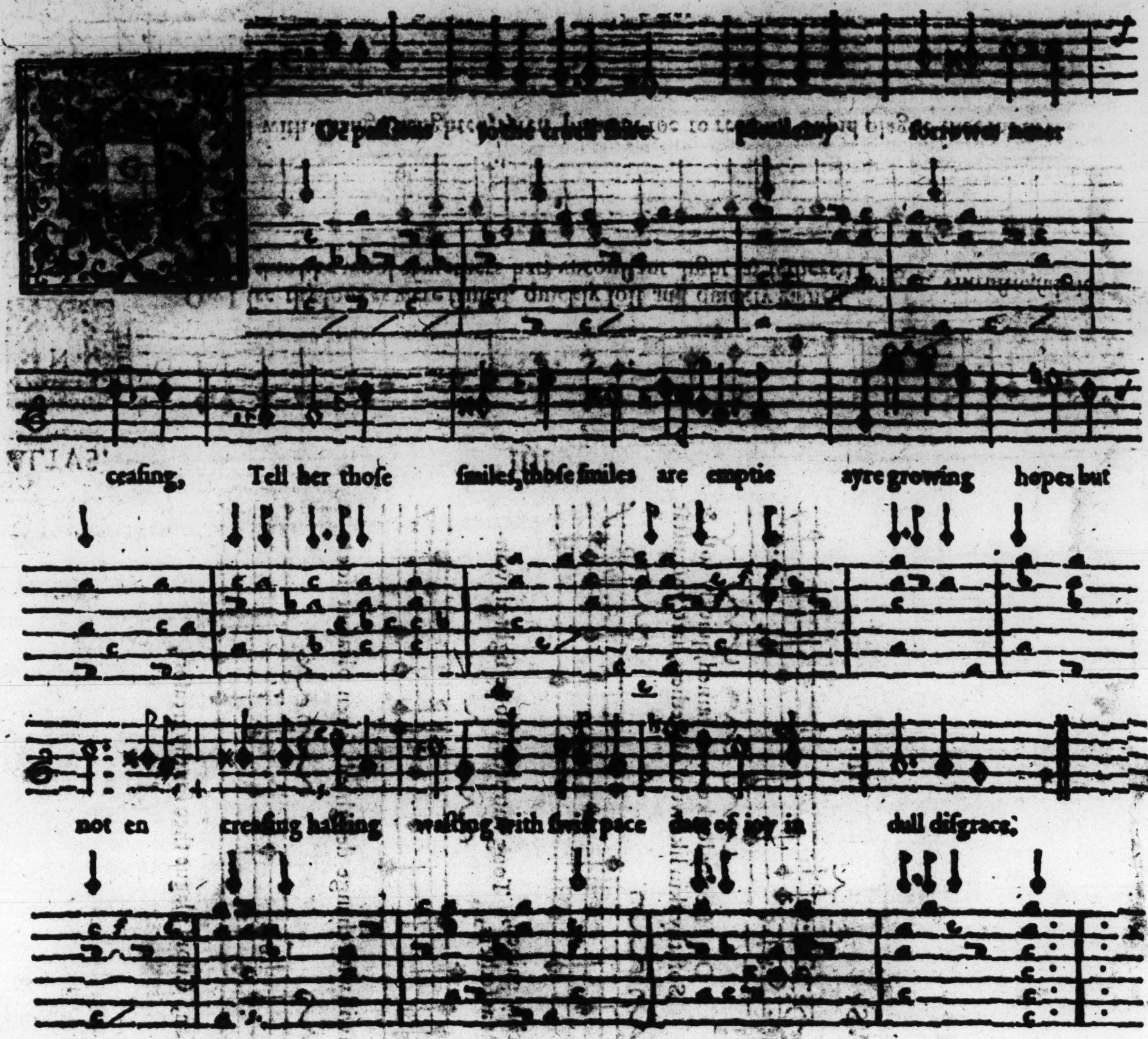
Of thine eye I made my mirror,
From thy beauty came my error,
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy sighs I deemed pitty,
Thy false teares that me agreeved,
Firſt of all my truſt deceaued,
Syren.

Now I see O seemely cruell,
Others warme them at my fuell,
Wit shall guide me in this durance
Since in loue is no assurance,
Change thy pasture take thy pleasure,
Beauty is a fading treasure.
Syren.

Painted acceptance when I looked,
Lovely words with cunning masked,
Holy vowes but hare vnholy,
Wanton eyes but wanton folly,
Lilly white, and prety winking,
Sollemne vowes, but sorrie thinking,
Syren.

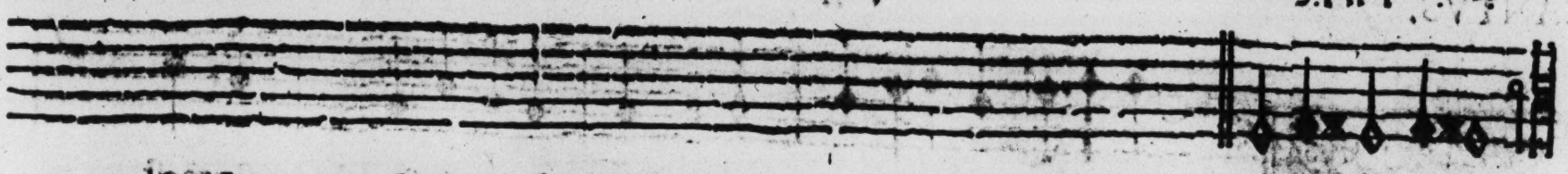
Prime youth lasts not age will follow,
And smake while those cheeks yellow,
Wrinckled face for lookes delightfull,
Shall accuse the dame despightfull,
And when time shall date thy glorie
Then too late thou wilt be sorry.
Syren.

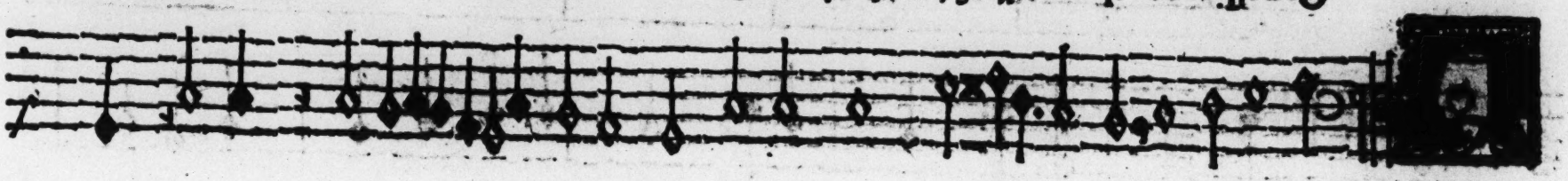

ALTVS.
BASSVS.
TENOR.
III.
Ow I fee .thy lookes were fained, quickly loft and quickly gained
Soft thy skin like wooll of wethers hart vnconstant light as fethers. Tongue vn-
truſtie, ſubtle ſighreſs wanton wit with change delighted, Syren pleaſant foe to reaſon
Cupid plague thee for thy treaſon.

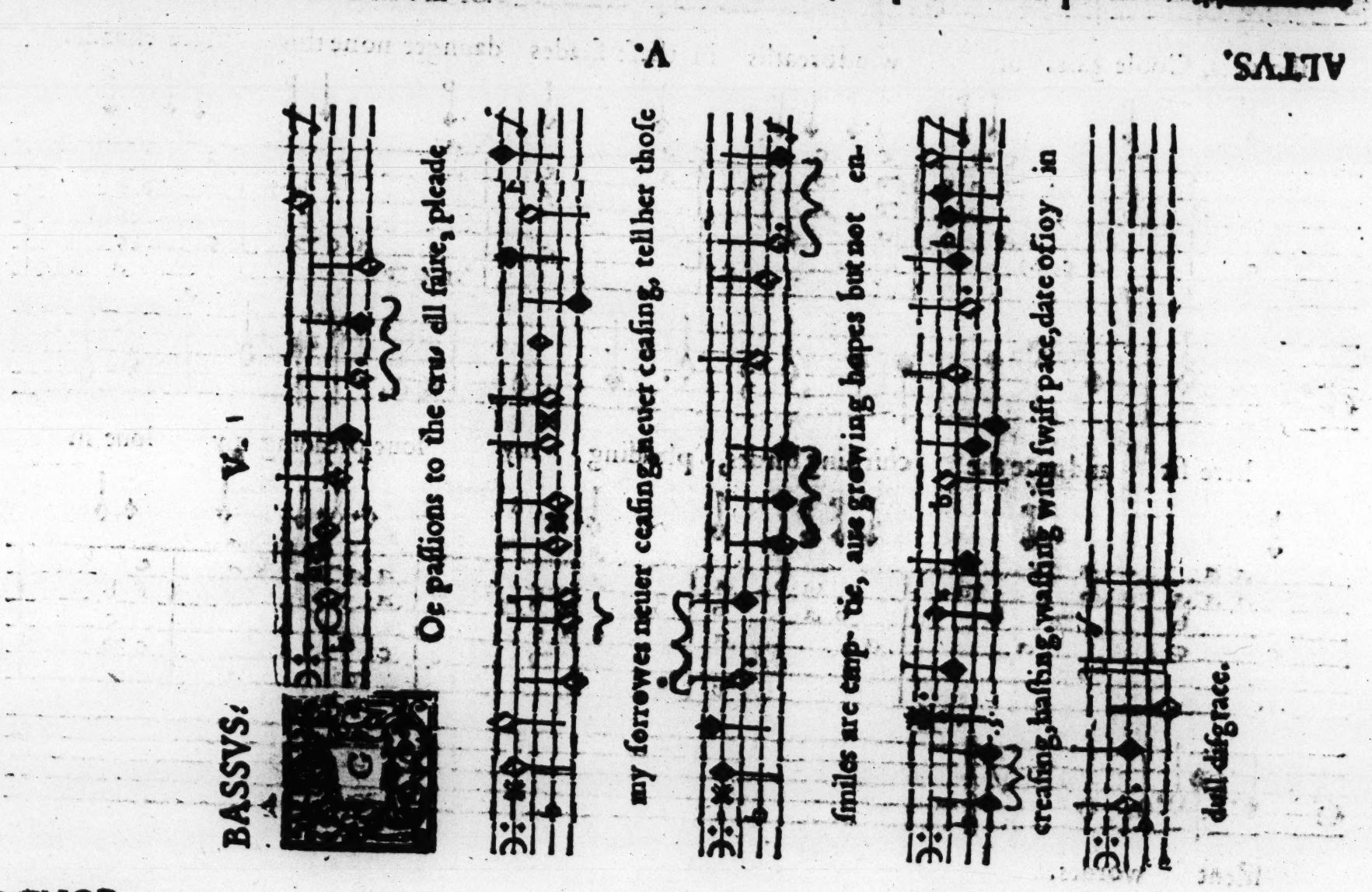

ceasing, Tell her those smiles, those smiles are emptie ayre growing hopes but
not en creasing halting walking with swift pace days of joy in dull disgrace;

Vrge her (but gently I requeſt)
With breach of faith and wracke of vowes,
Say that my griefe, and minds vnreſt,
Liues in the ſhadow of her browes,
plying, dying, there to die,
In ſadnes and miſerie.

Importune pittie at the laſt
(pittie in thoſe eyes ſhould haue,)
Recount my ſighes and torments paſt,
As Annals of a conſtant louer.
Spending, ending many dayes,
Of blaſted hopes and ſlacke delayes.



ioy in dull disgrace.

ALTVS. V.



O passions to the cruell faire: pleade my forrowes neuer cea ssing, Tell her thoſe

smiles are emptie, ayre growing hopes but not encreasing, hasting, wasting with swift pace, date of ioy in

dull disgrace.

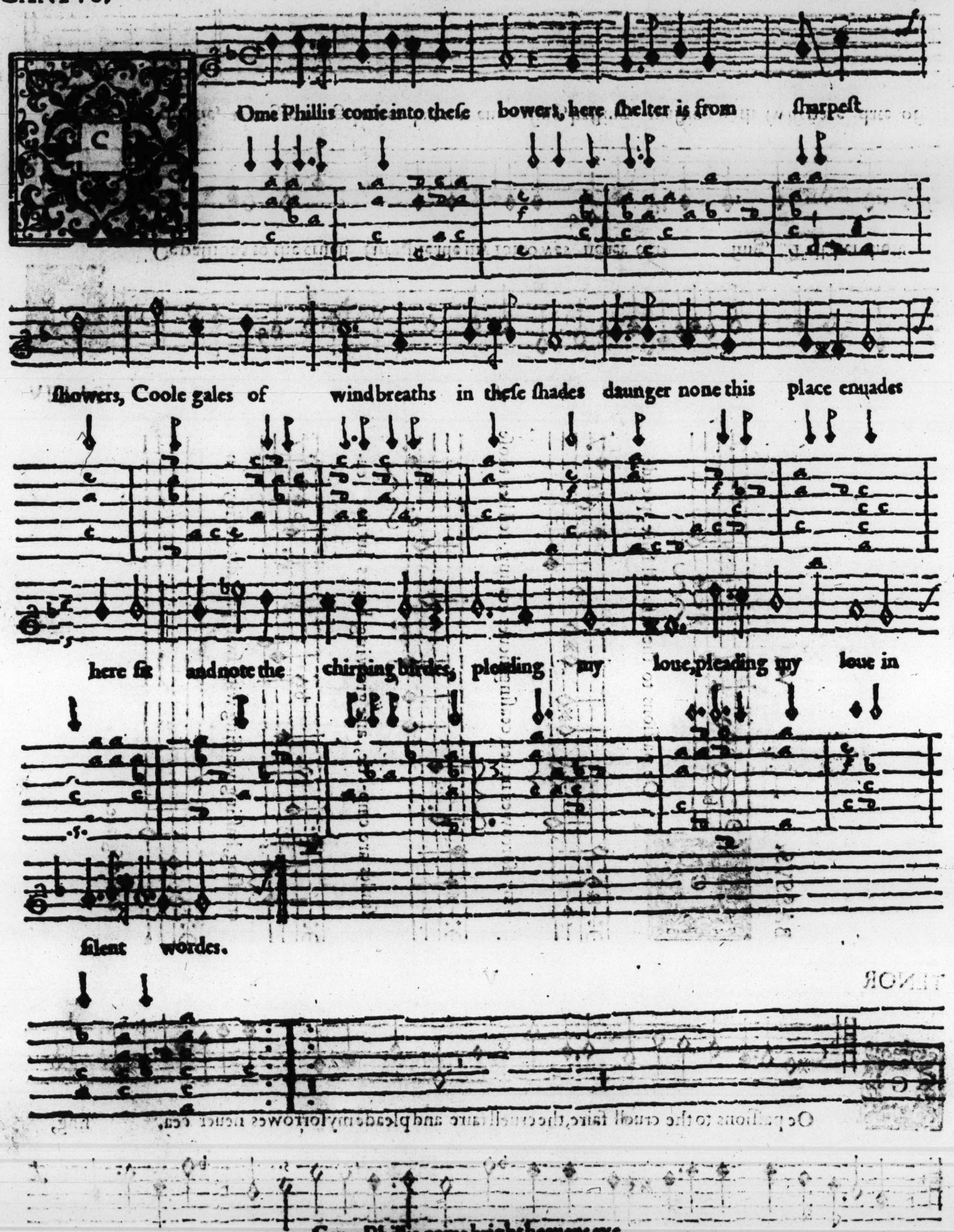
BASSVS. V.

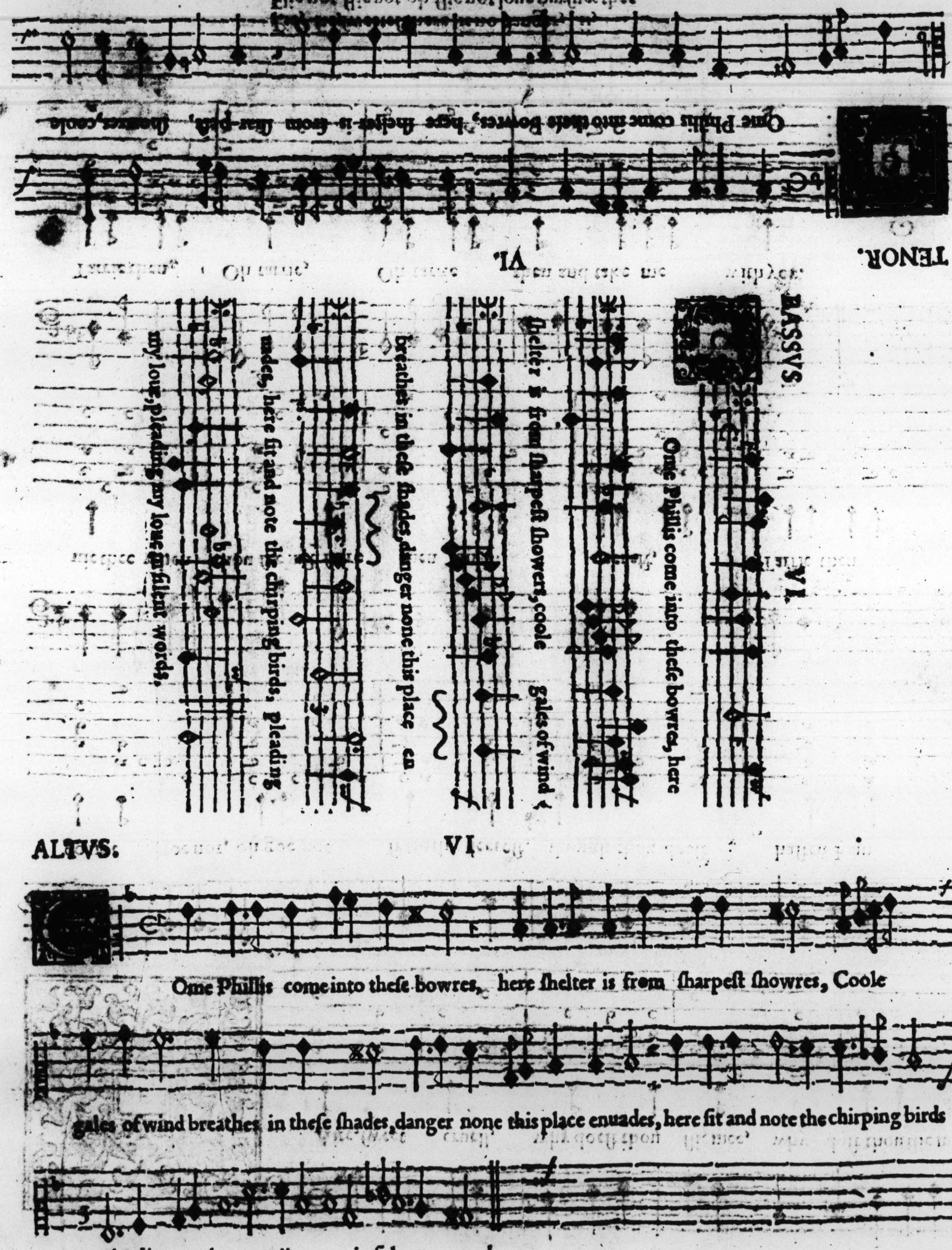
O passions to the cruell faire, the cruell faire and pleade my sorrowes neuer cea, sing,

tell her thoſe smiles are emptie ayre, growing hopes but not encreasing, hasting, wasting with swift

pace, date of ioy in dull disgrace.

CANTVS. VI.


Come Phillis come into these bowers, here shelter is from sharpest
showers, Coole gales of windbreaths in these shades daunger none this place enuades
here sit and note the chirping birdes, pleading my loue, pleading my loue in
silent wordes.
Come Phillis, come bright heauens eye,


TENOR.
One Phillis come into these bowres, here shelter is from sharpest showres, Coole
gales of wind breathes in these shades, danger none this place enuades, here sit and note the chirping birds
pleading my loue, in silent words,
BASSVS.
VI.
One Phillis come into these bowres, here shelter is from sharpest showres, Coole
gales of wind breathes in these shades, danger none this place enuades, here sit and note the chirping birds, pleading
my loue, pleading my loue in silent words.
ALTVS:
VI.
One Phillis come into these bowres, here shelter is from sharpest showres, Coole
gales of wind breathes in these shades, danger none this place enuades, here sit and note the chirping birds
pleading my loue, in silent words.

CANTVS. VIII.

Aire, ſweet cruell, why doeſt thou flie mee, why doſt thou flie me

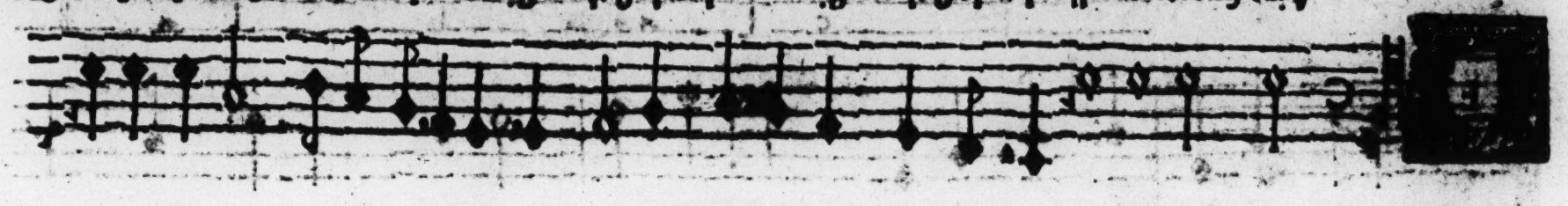
Come goe not, oh goe not from thy deereſt, though thou doeſt haſten I am

nie thee when thou ſee'ſt not farre then 'am I neereſt, Tarrie then

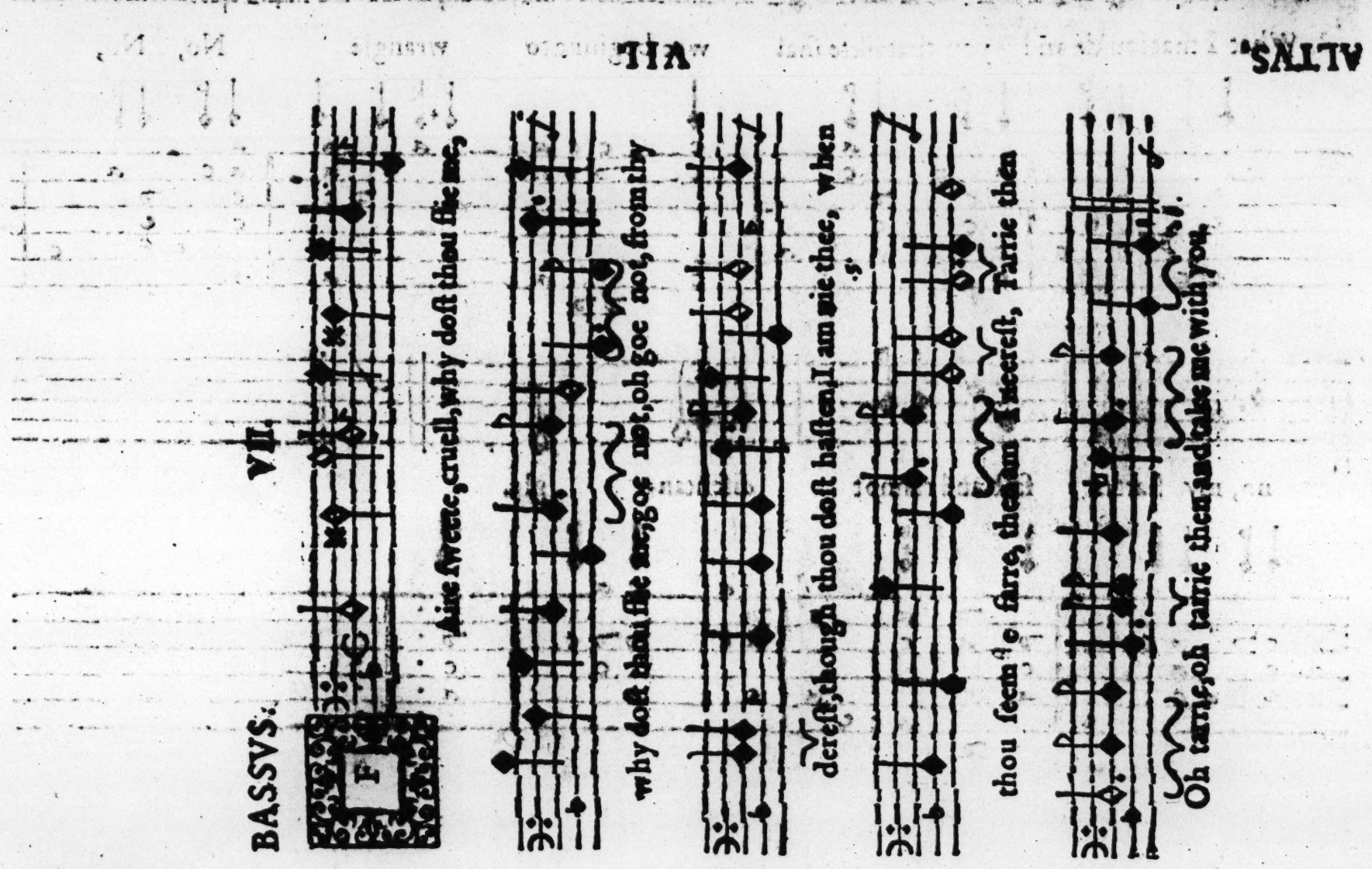
Tarrie then Oh tarrie, Oh tarrie then and take me with you.

Fie, fie, ſweet there is no danger, fie,
Flie not, flie not, oh flie not loue purſues thee,
I am no foe, nor forraine ſtranger,
Thy ſcornes with fresher hope renewes me,
Tarrie then, &c.

ALTVS.



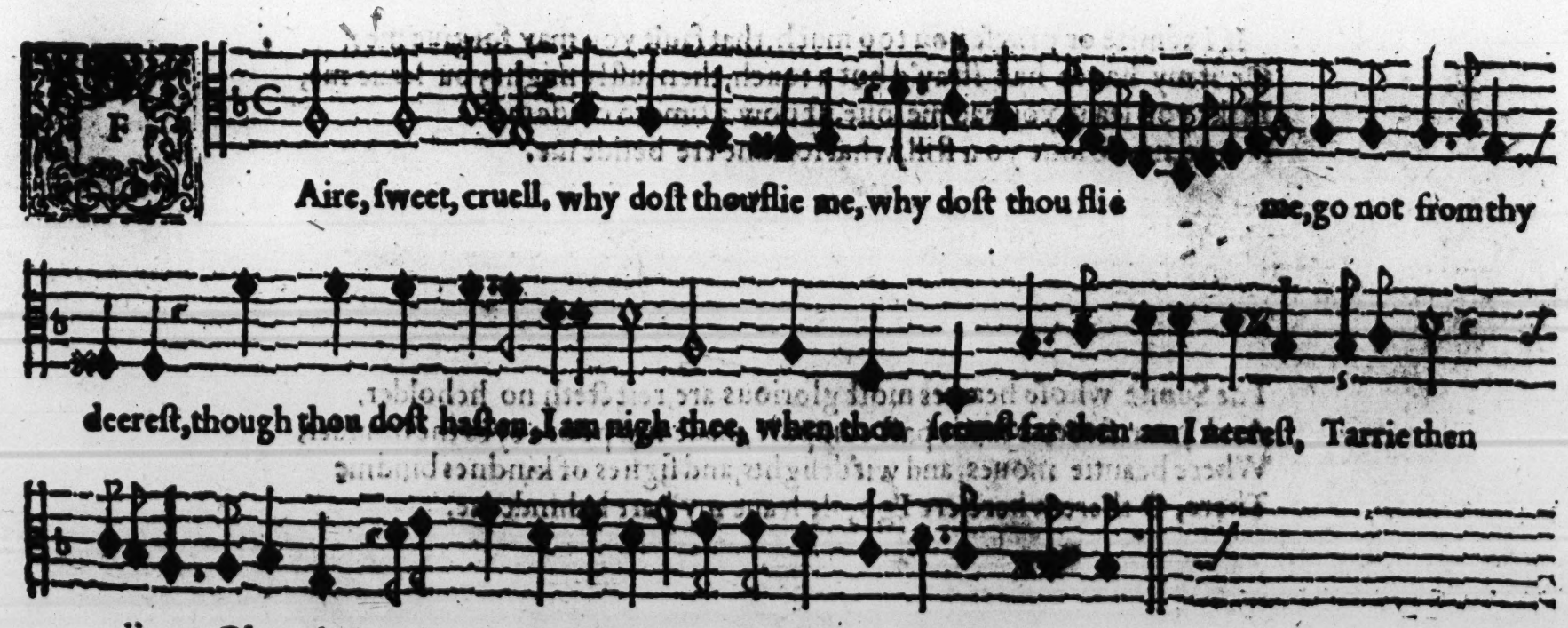
VII.

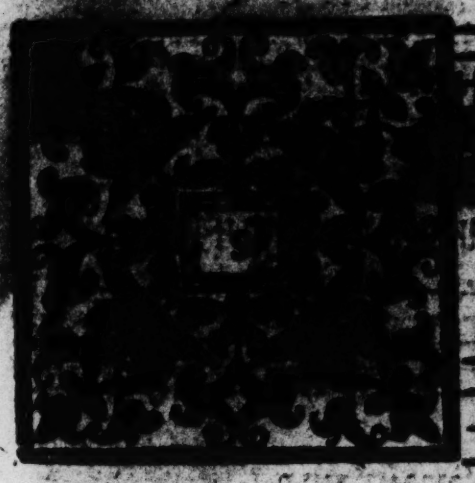

Aire, sweet, cruell, why dost thou flie me, why dost thou flie me,
why dost thou flie me, go not from thy
dereſt, though thou dost haſten, I am nigh thee, when thou
thou seem'st o farre, dereſt, Tarrie then
Oh tarrie, oh tarrie, oh tarrie then and take me with you.

BASSVS.

TENOR

VII


Aire, sweet, cruell, why dost thou flie me, why dost thou flie me, go not from thy
dereſt, though thou dost haſten, I am nigh thee, when thou seemst far then am I nereſt, Tarrie then
iii. Oh tarrie, tarrie then, oh tarrie, oh tarrie then and take me with you.

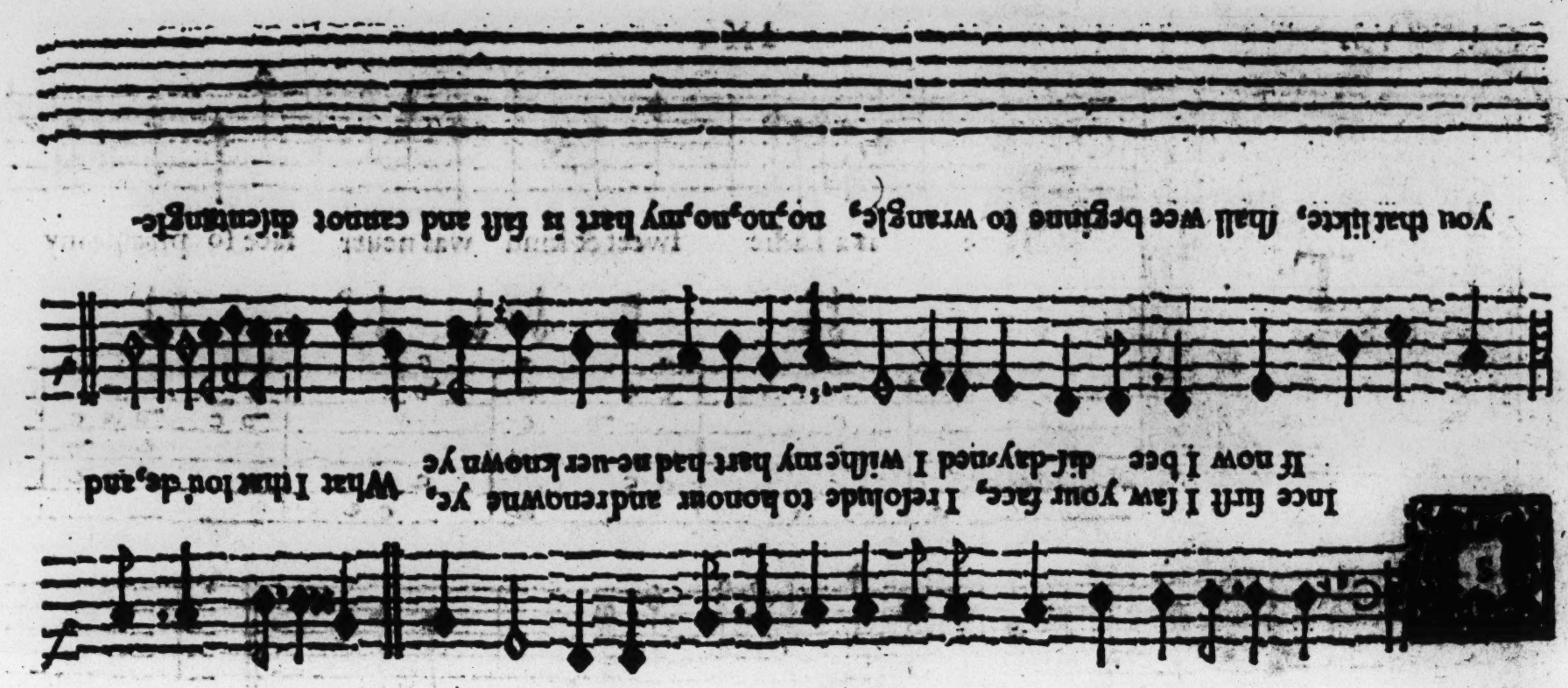


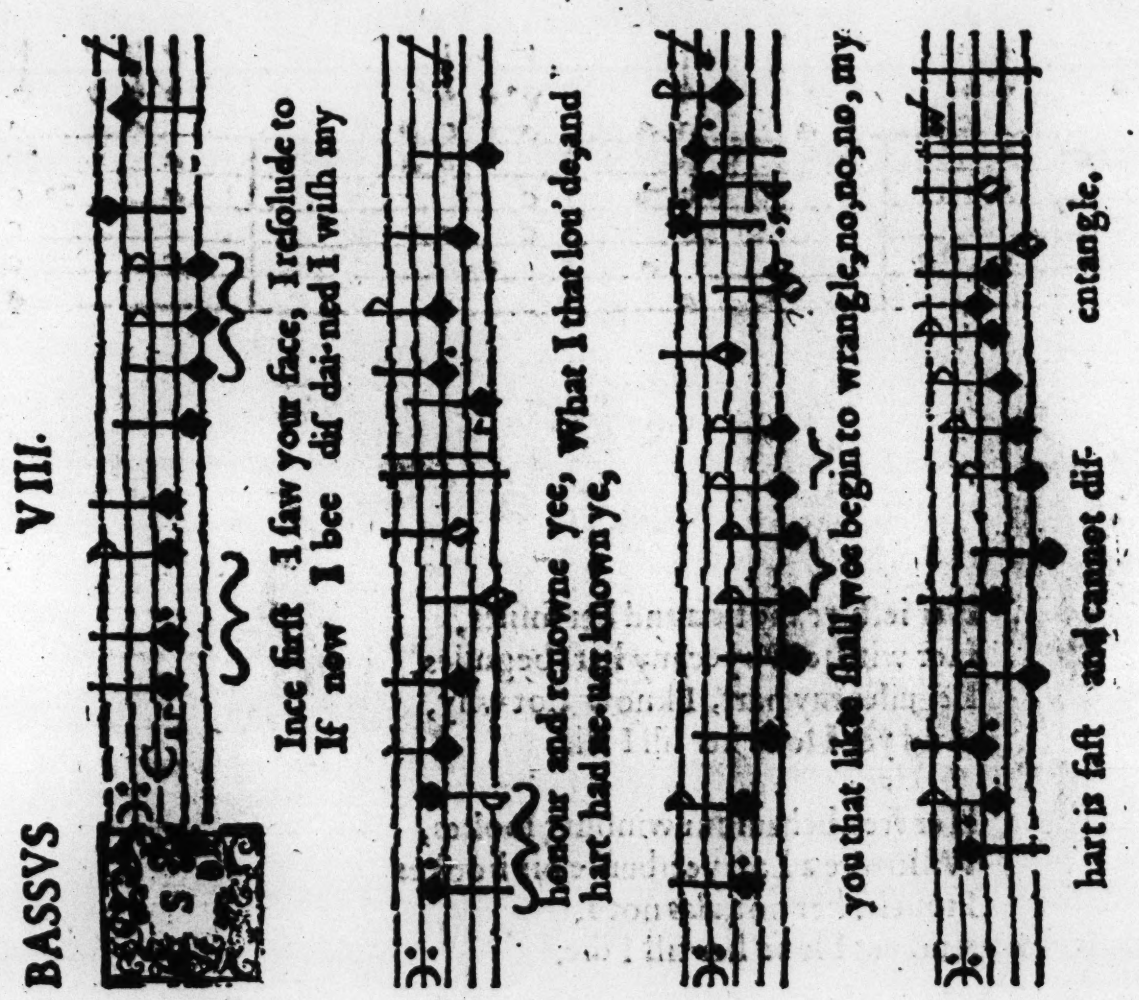
Ince firſt I ſaw your face I reſolude to honour & re- nowne yee,
If how I be diſ- dayned I wiſhe my hart had neuer known yee,

What I that lou'de and you that likte ſhal we beginne to wrangle No, No,

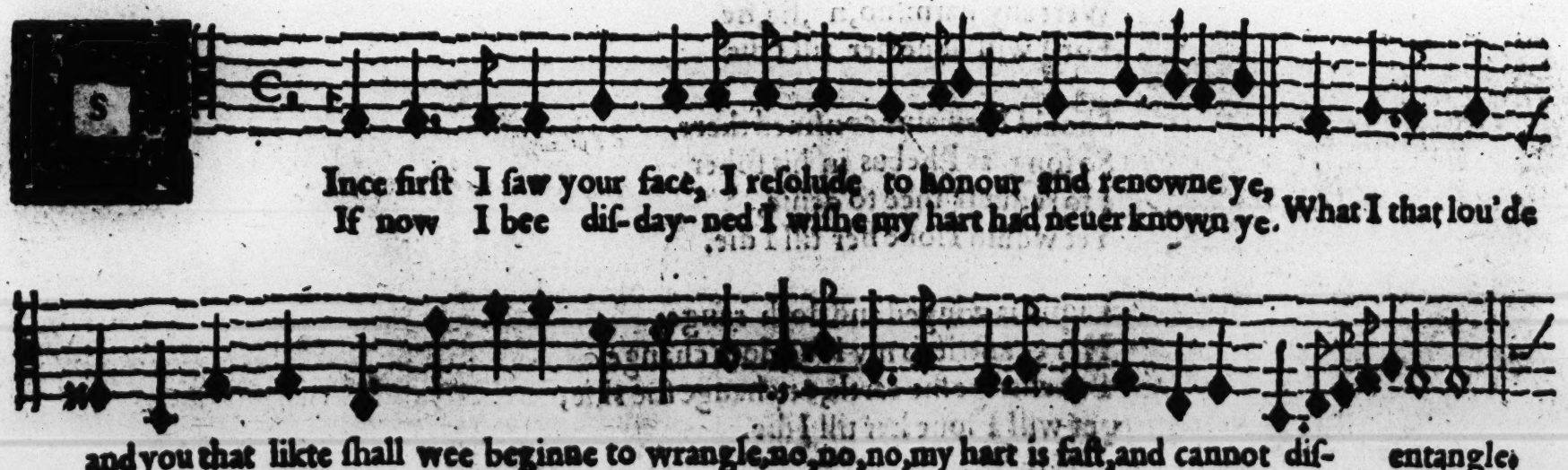
no, my hart is falſ and cannot diſentan- gle,

If I admire or prayſe you too much, that fault you may forgiue mee,
Or if my hands had ſtray'd but a touch, then iuſtly might you leaue me,
I aske you leaue, you bad me loue, ift now a time to chaunge?
No, no, no, ile loue you ſtill, what fortune ere betide me,

The Saints whoſe beauties moſt glorious are, reiecteth no beholder,
And ſweet ſweet beauties paſt compare, made my poore eyes the boulder,
Where beauty, moues, and wit delights, and ſignes of kindnes bind me
There, O there where eu'e I go, ile leaue my hart behinde me.

you that like, shall wee beginne to wrangle, no,no,my hart is fast and cannot disentangle-
If now I bee dif-dayned I wilshe my hart had neuer known ye
Ince first I saw your face, I resolude to honour and renowne ye, What I that lou'de
ALTVS.
VIII


VIII.
BASSVS
Ince first I saw your face, I resolude to honour and renowne ye,
If now I bee dif-day-ned I wilshe my hart had neuer known ye,
you that like shall wee begin to wrangle, no, no, no, my
hart is fast and cannot dif-
entangle.
VII.

TENOR.


Ince first I saw your face, I resolude to honour and renowne ye,
If now I bee dif-day-ned I wilshe my hart had neuer known ye. What I that lou'de
and you that likte shall wee beginne to wrangle, no, no, no, my hart is fast, and cannot dif- entangle.

CANTVS.

Here is a Ladie fweet & kind was neuer face fo pleafde my

mind I did but fee her paſſing by and yet I loue her till I die.

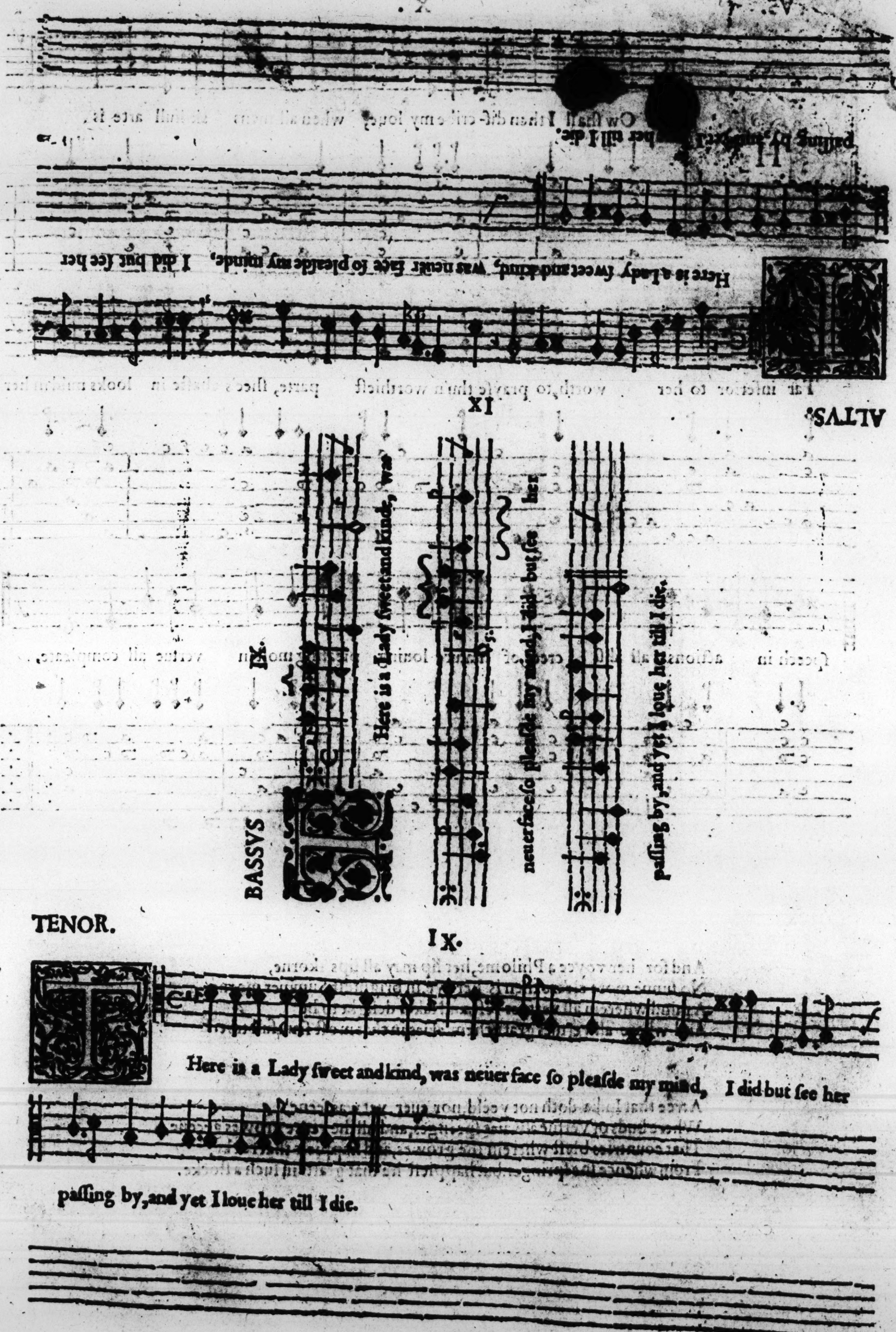
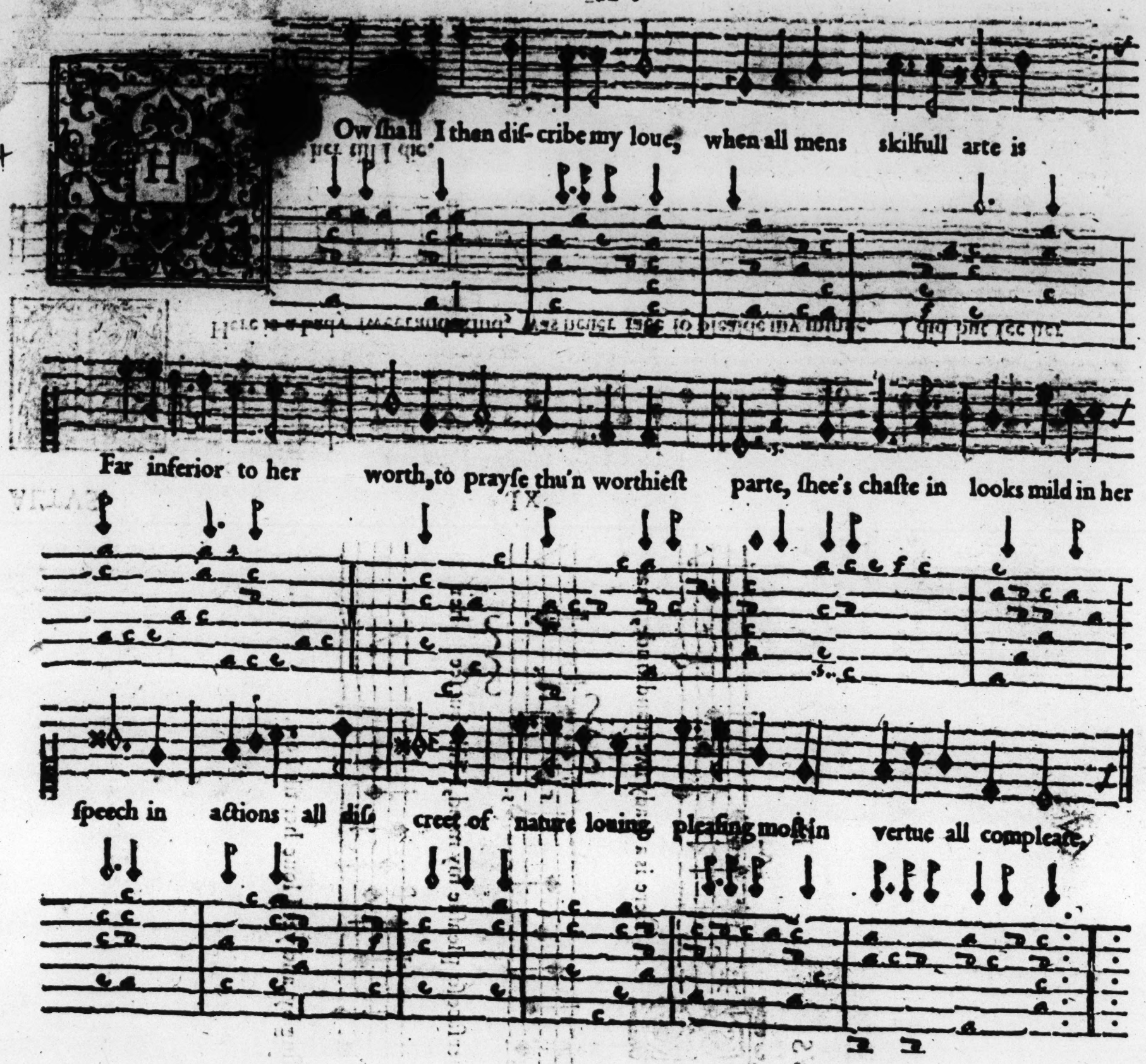
Her ieſture, motion and her ſmiles,
Her wit, her voyce, my hart beguiles,
Beguiles my hart, I know not why,
And yet I loue her till I die.

Her free behauiour winning lookes,
Will make a Lawyer burne his bookes
I touche her not, alas not I,
And yet I loue her till I die.

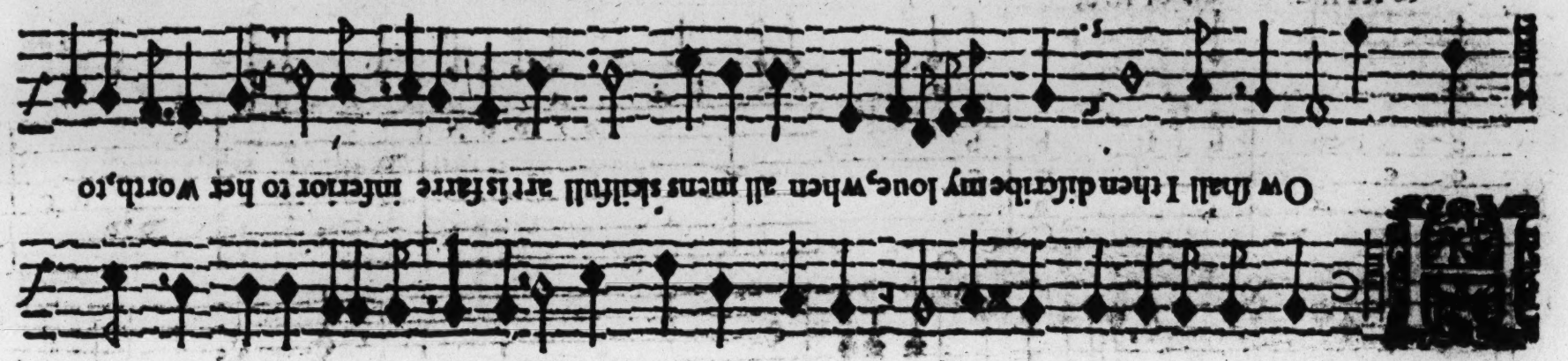
Had I her faſt betwixt mine armes,
Iudge you that thinke ſuch ſports were harmes,
Were any harme no, no, fie, fie,
For I will loue her till I die.

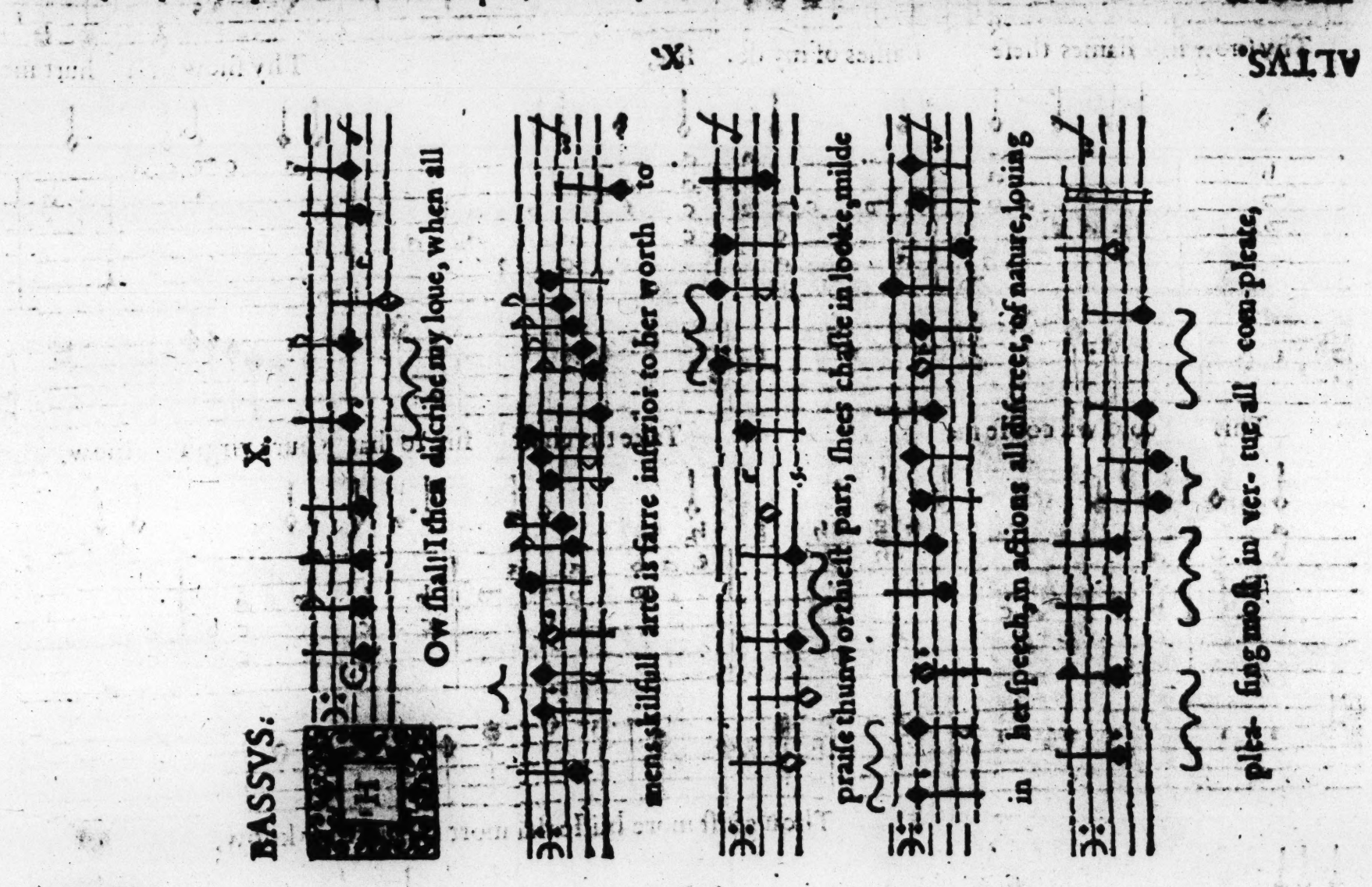
Should I remaine confined there,
So long as Phebus in his ſpher,
I to requeſt thee to denie,
Yet would I loue her till I die.

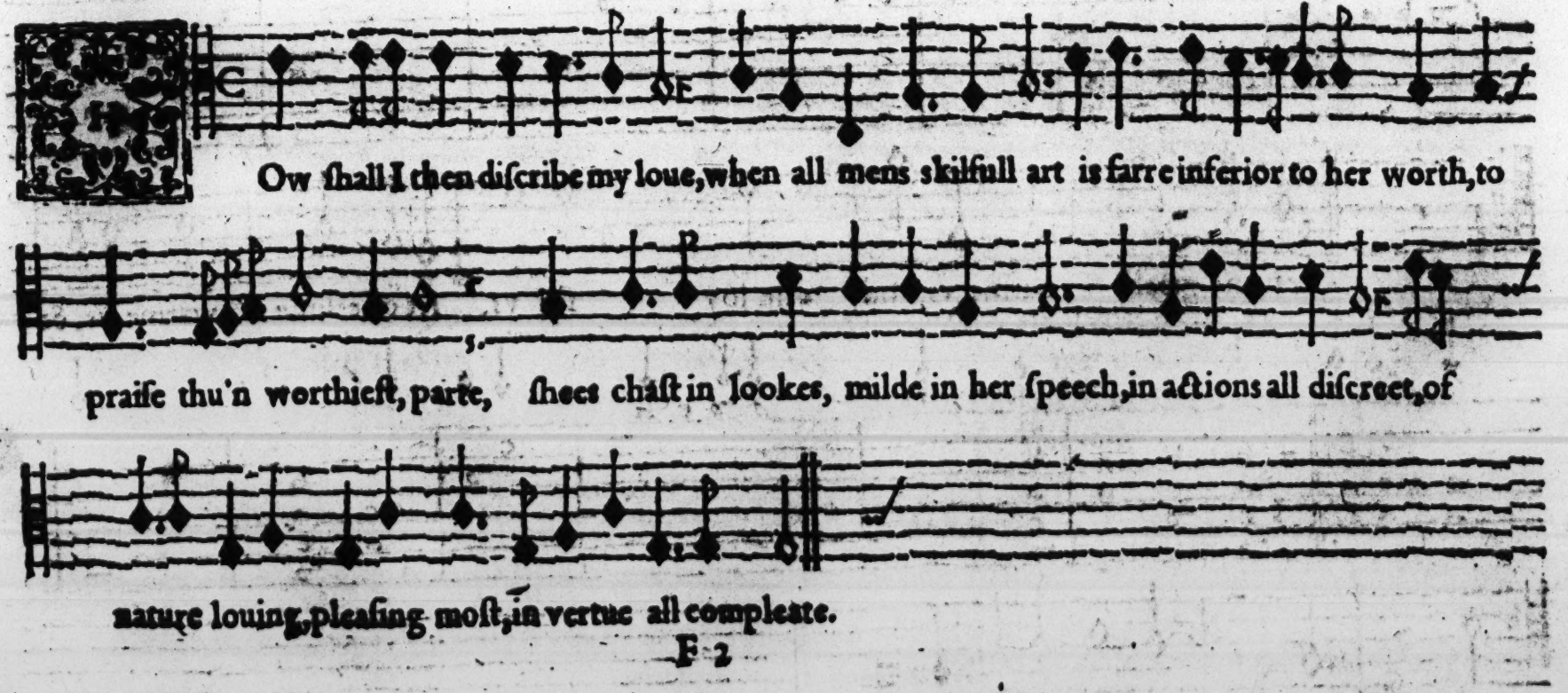
Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her countrie my loue doth change,
But change the earth, or change the ſkie,
Yet will I loue her till I die.


X.
IX.
ALTVS.
Here is a Lady sweet and kind, was neuer face so pleasde my mind, I did but see her
passing by, and yet I loue her till I die.
IX.
BASSVS.
Here is a Lady sweet and kind, was neuer face so pleasde my mind, I did but see her
passing by, and yet I loue her till I die.
IX.
TENOR.
Here is a Lady sweet and kind, was neuer face so pleasde my mind, I did but see her
passing by, and yet I loue her till I die.

How shall I then dis-cribe my loue, when all mens skilfull arte is
Far inferior to her worth, to prayse thu'n worthiest parte, shee's chaste in looks mild in her
speech in actions all dis- creet of nature louing, pleasing most in vertue all compleate.

And for her voyce a Philome, her lip may all lips skorne,
No sunne more cleare then is her eye, in brightest Summer morne
A mind wherein all vertues rest, and take delight to be
And where all vertues graft themselues in that most fruitfull tree.

A tree that India doth not yeeld, nor euer yet was seene,
Where buds of vertue alwaies springes, and all the yeare growes greene,
That countries blest wherein she growes, and happie is that rocke,
From whence she springes. but happiest he that grafts in such a stocke.

praise thu'n worthiest, parte, shees chast in lookes, milde in her speech, in actions all discreet, of nature louing pleasing most, in vertue all compleate.


ALTVS.
Ow shall I then discribe my loue, when all mens skilfull art is farre inferior to her worth, to
praise thu'n worthiest parte, shees chast in lookes, milde in her speech, in actions all discreet, of nature louing
pleasing most, in vertue all com-pleate,
BASSVS:
Ow shall I then discribe my loue, when all mens skilfull artis farre inferior to her worth, to
praise thu'n worthiest, parte, shees chast in lookes, milde in her speech, in actions all discreet, of nature louing
pleasing most, in vertue all com-pleate,

TENOR

Ow shall I then discribe my loue, when all mens skilfull art is farre inferior to her worth, to
praise thu'n worthiest, parte, shees chast in lookes, milde in her speech, in actions all discreet, of
nature louing, pleasing most, in vertue all compleate.

S

Hut not, ſhut not ſweet breſt

to ſee me all of fire,

Thy ſnow in- flames theſe flames of my de- ſire,

Thy ſnow ni'll hurt me

This cold wil coole me

Take the chaſt fire to that pure virgin ſnow,

Thou giuſt more bliſſe than mortall harts may know,

Let one griefe harme vs, and one ioy fill vs, let one loue warme vs, &

one death kill vs, and one death kill vs.

Flie not, Flie not, flie not deer hart to find me all of snow,

and I de-sire de- sire sweet flames to know. Nor thy fire wil harm me

and this heate will warm me, be-

ing now thus warm d ile neuer seeke other fire. more bliſſe I

take then Angels can desire. Let one griefe harme vs and one ioy fill vs, let one loue

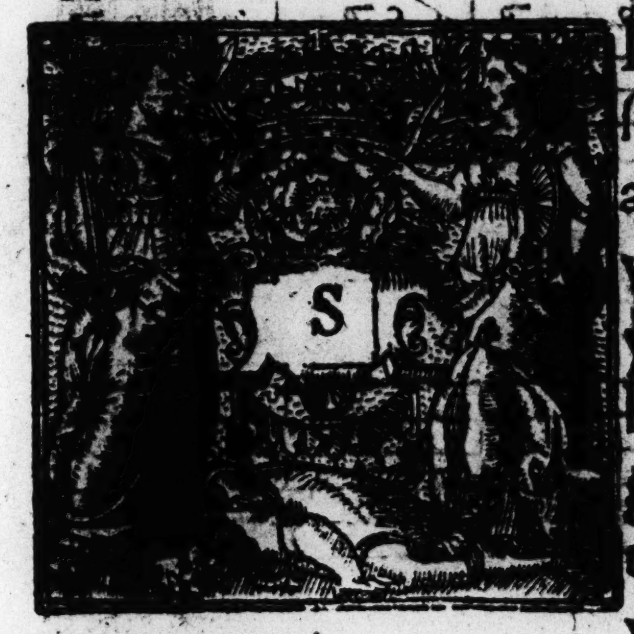
warm vs & one death kill vs, & one death kill vs.

A Table of the Leſſons

contained in this booke.

1 A Pauen.
2 The Galliard.
3 An Almaine.
4 A Pauen.
5 The Galliard.
6 Forget me not.
7 A Pauen.
8 An Almaine.
9 The wild gooſe chaſe.
10 What you will.
11 And if you do touch me Ile crie.
12 The Bag-pipes.
13 Why not here.
14 Chang of Aire
15 VVhip it and Trip it.
16 Cate of Bardie
17 A ſnatch and away.
18 A pill to purge Malancholie.

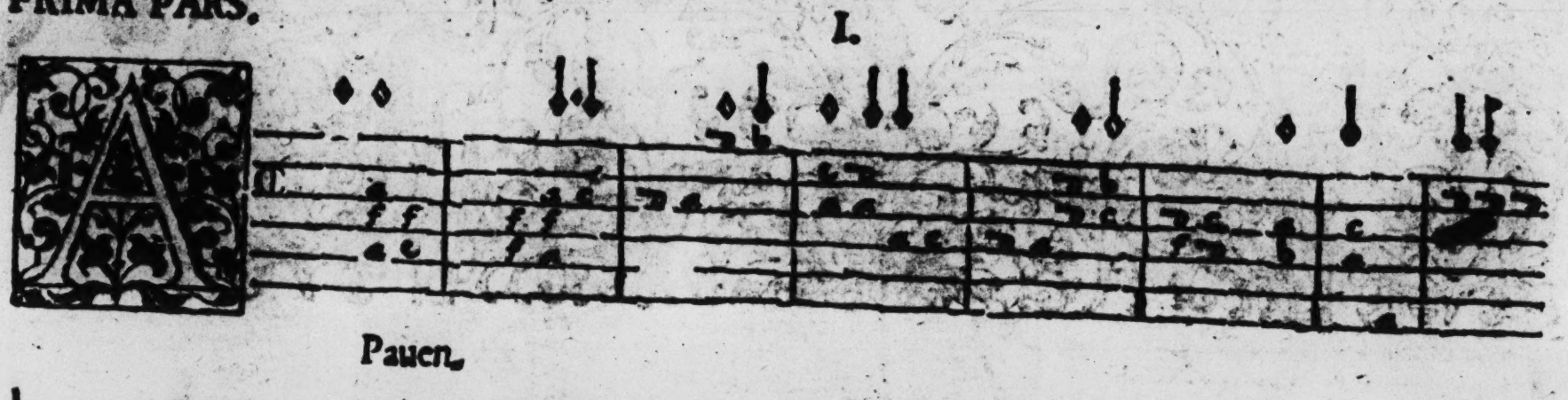
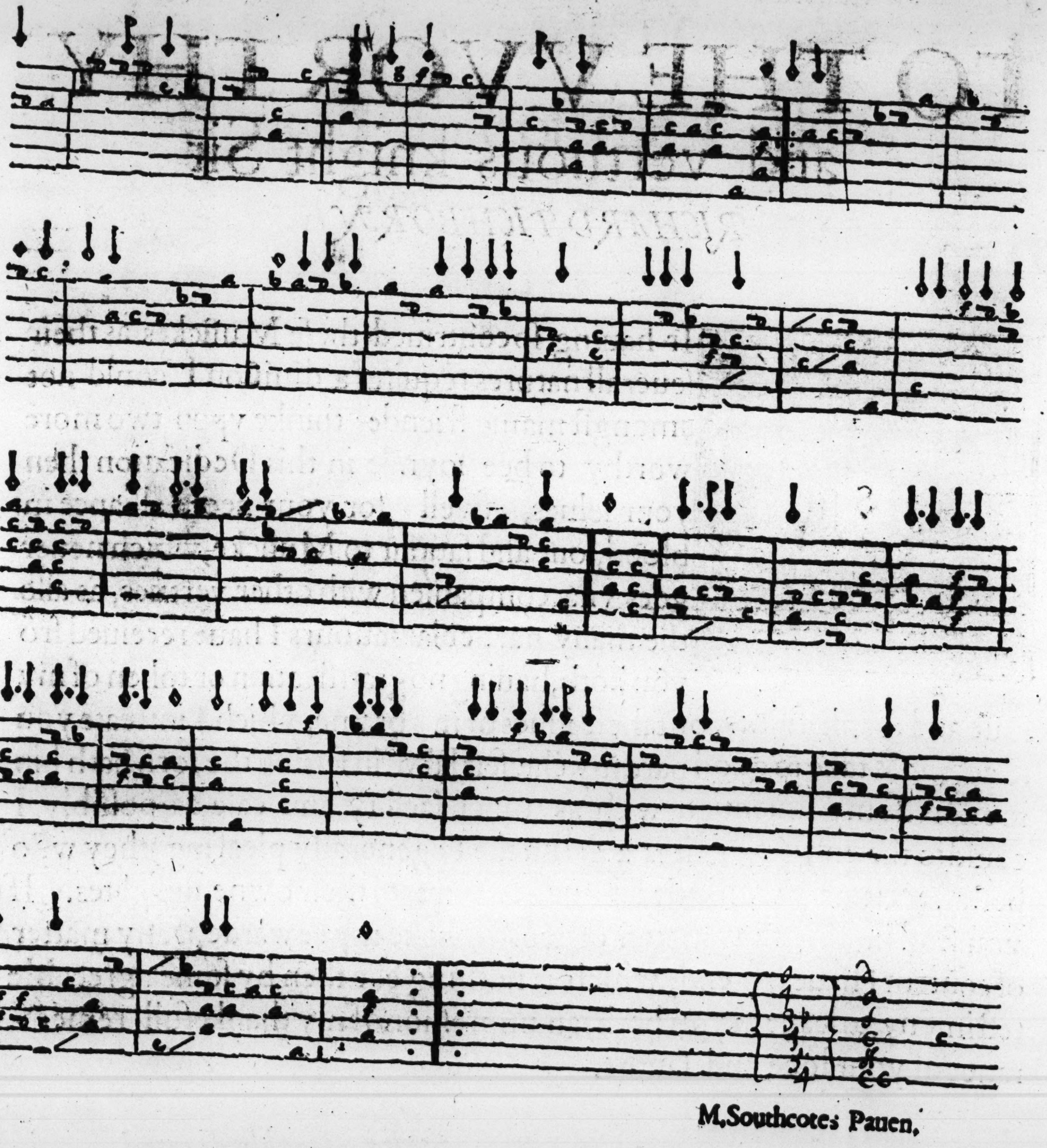
TO THE VVORTHY and vertuous knight Sir *RICHARD TICHBORNE*



IT hauing so contriued these Musickes as their seuerall natures requires a diuision I could not amongst manie friendes thinke vpon two more worthy to bee ioynde in this Dedication then your selues, aswell for your neere alliance in blood, loue and fauour to Musicke, which neuer goes vnaccompanied with other vertues, as also the many particular fauours I haue receiued frō you both, hauing no gratification or token of my loue and thankefulnes, but these issues of my braine, which I intreate you to accept & take in good part, my cheifest labor in setting thē forth hath bin to expresse my inuention with as much facility and ease as possibly I could to the end (since it is a Musicke so generally pleasing) they who bestaffe & it, may with little labour be actors of their owne delightes. If you find in them any matter of worth I haue my rewarde, if any matter of content I haue my end, which is nothing else then by some agreeable testimony, to leaue in you both, an impression of my thankefull remembrance of your loue and fauors.

Your Worships humbly deuoted

THO. FORDE.

PRIMA PARS.

Pauen.

M. Southcotes Pauen.

H

SECVNDA PARS

I.

Pauin.

M. Southcotes Pauin.

PRIMA PARS.

II.

He Galiard.

III.

a Almaine.

CANDY BASS

M. Wellouers farewell.

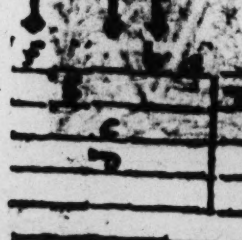
This part to be plaide alone.

SECVNDA PARS

H

II

He Galiard.

III

N Almayne.

M. Westouers fare well,

IIII.

Patin.

M.Mayers Choice.

SECVNDA PARS

Pauen.

V.

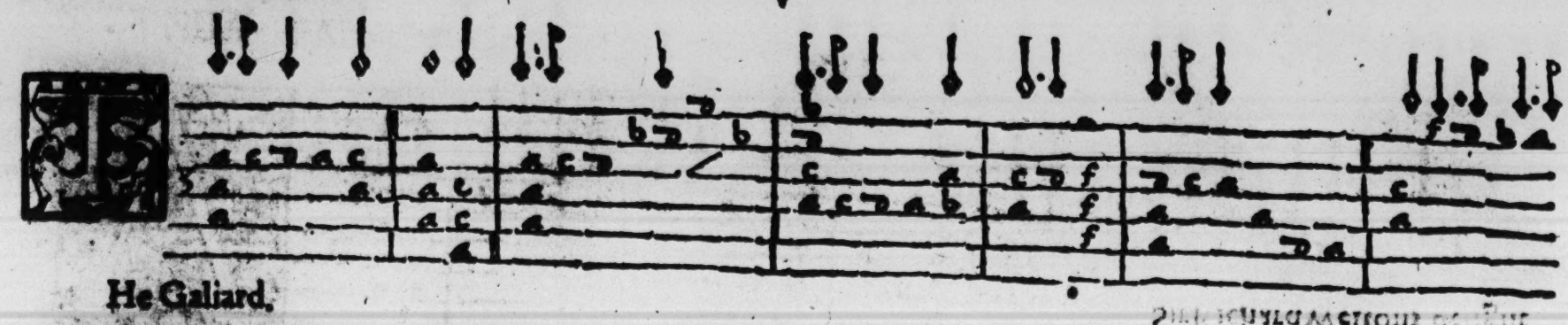
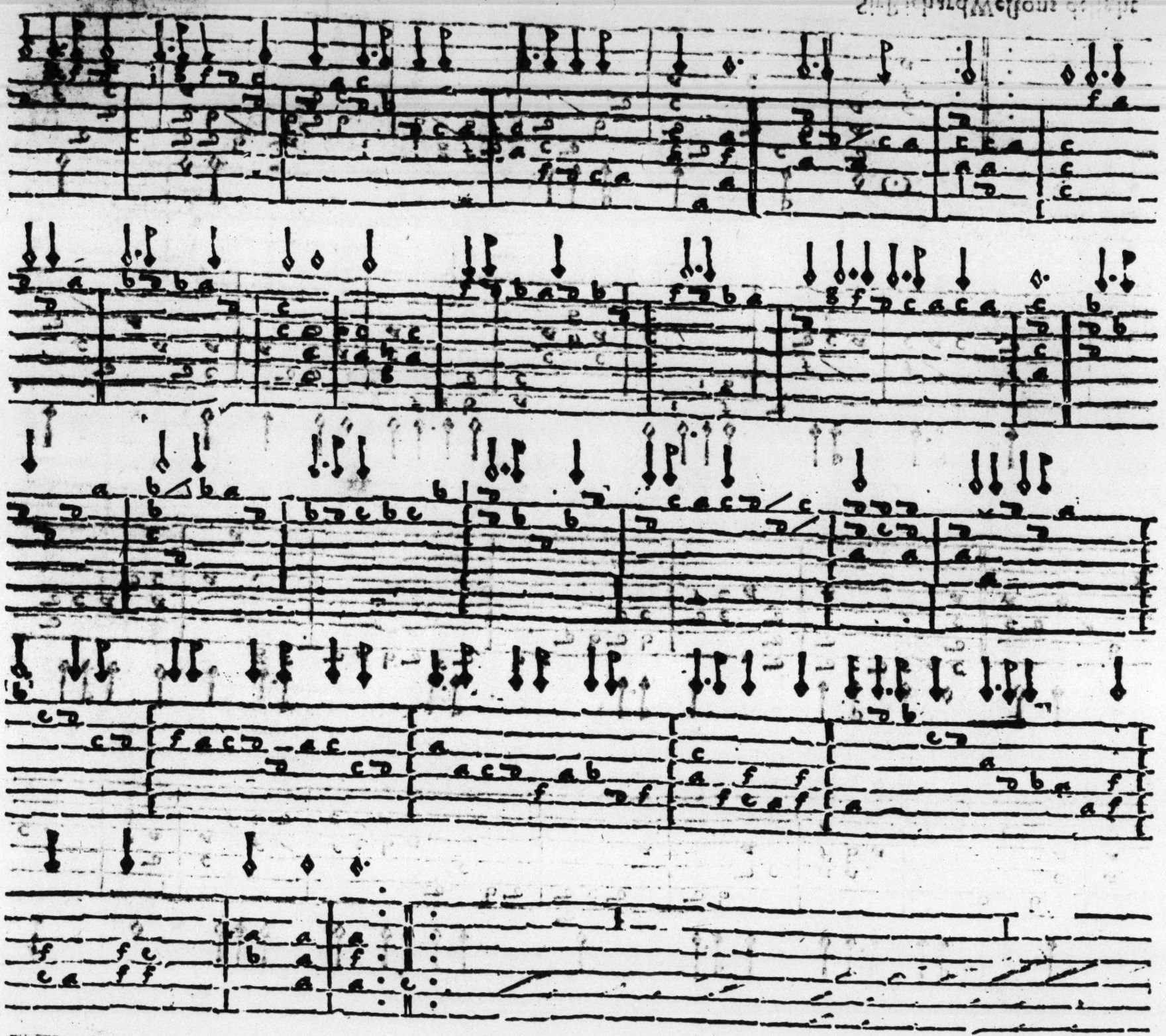
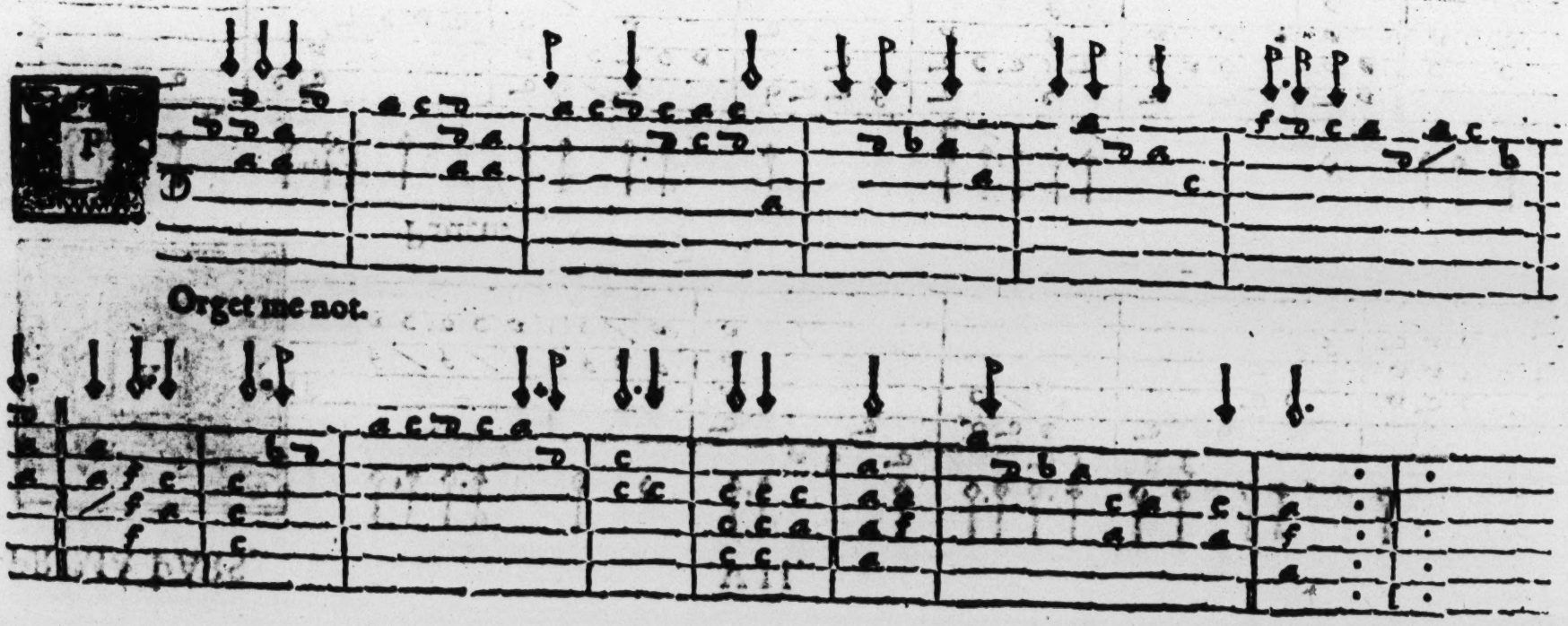
He Galiard.

VI.

Regetmenot.

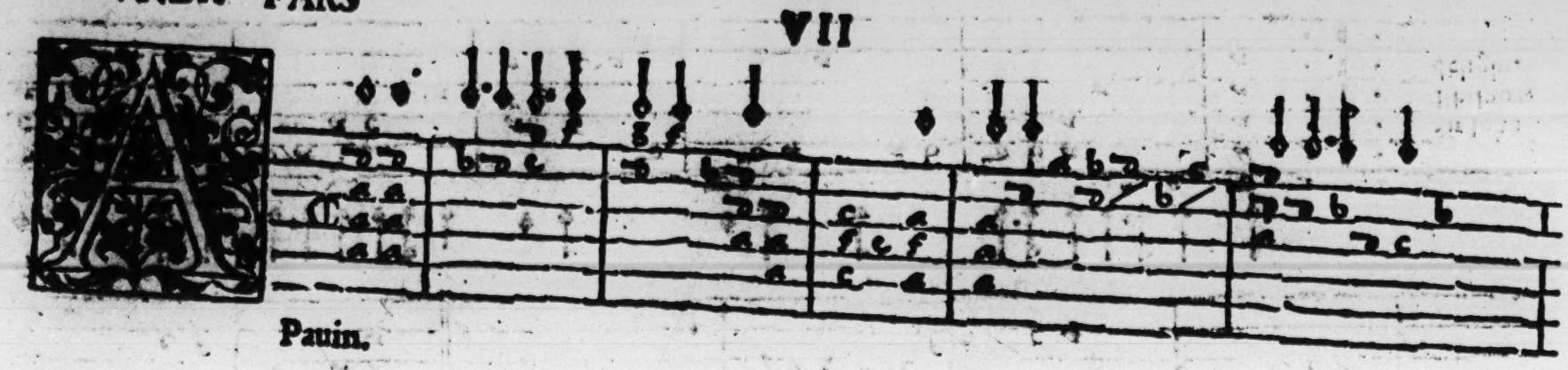
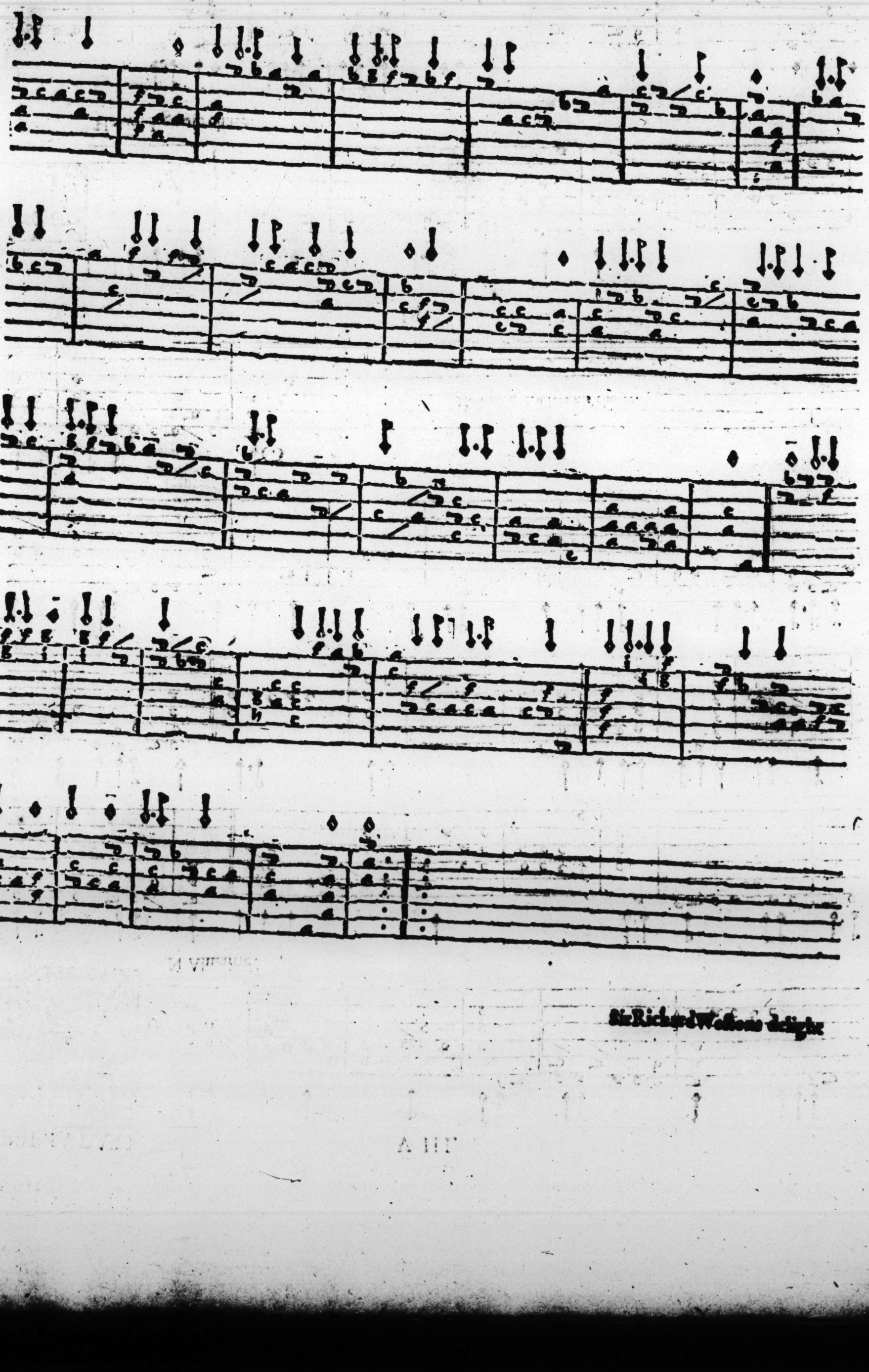
To play alone.

SECVNDA PARS

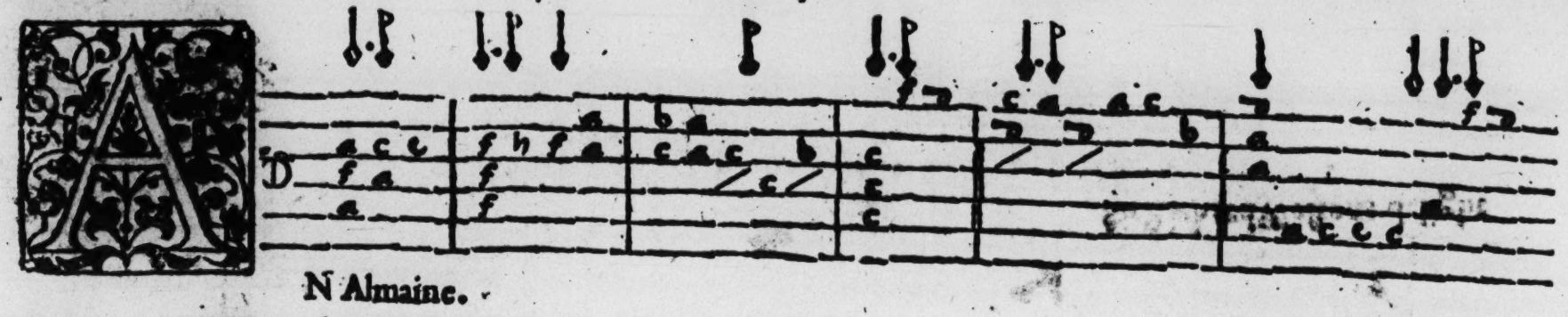
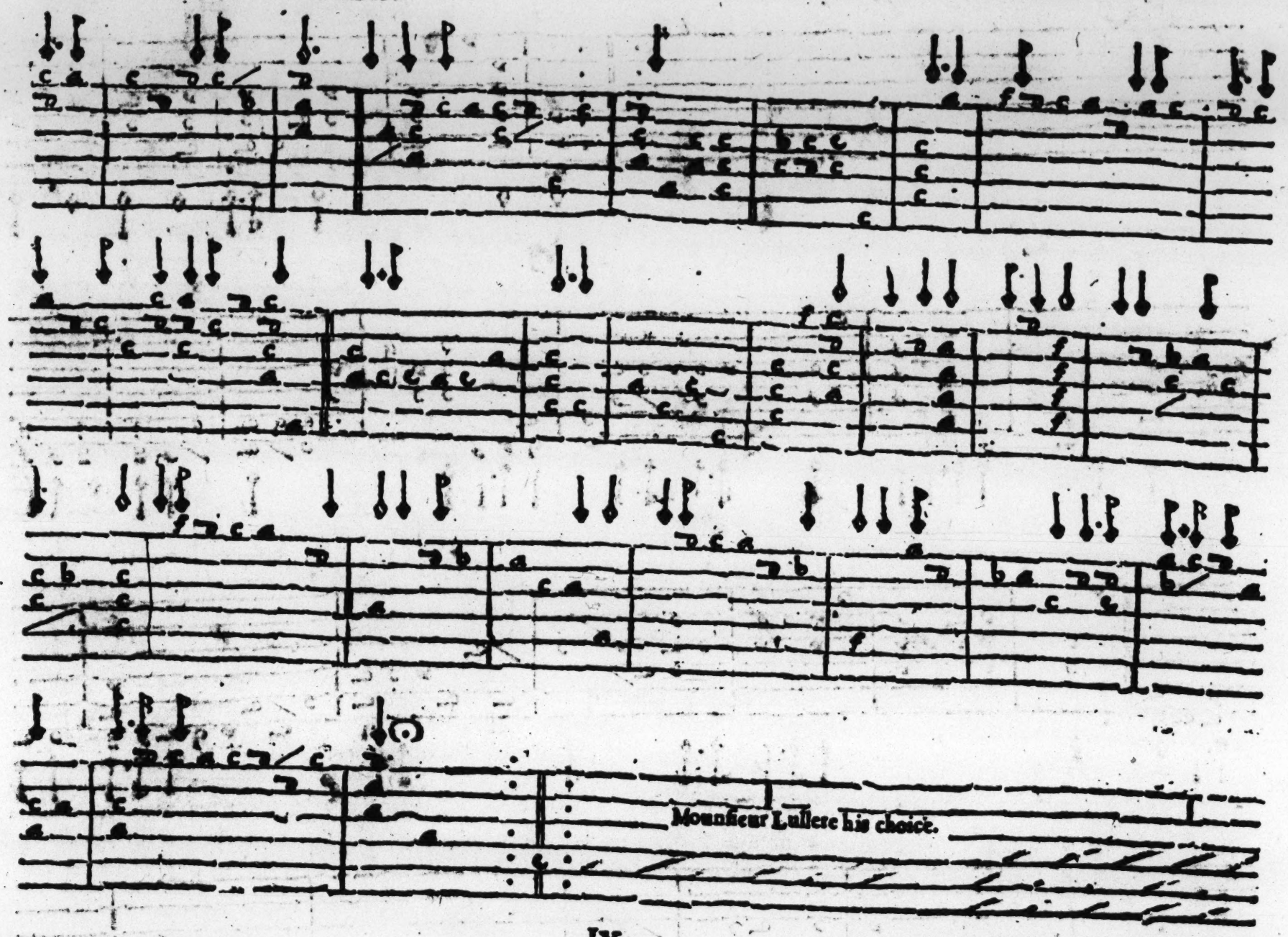
V

He Galiard.

VI.

Orget me not.

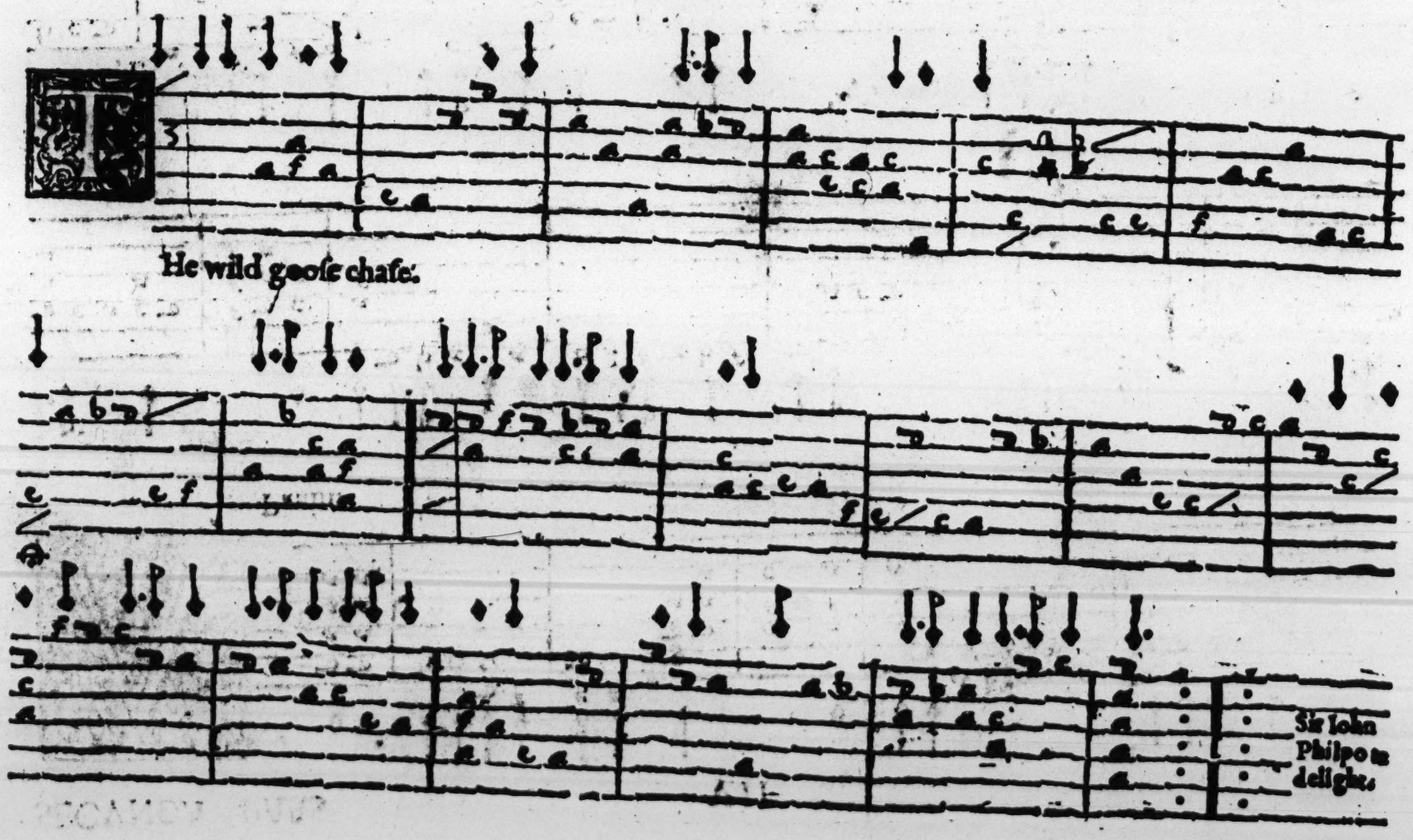
VII.

Pauen.

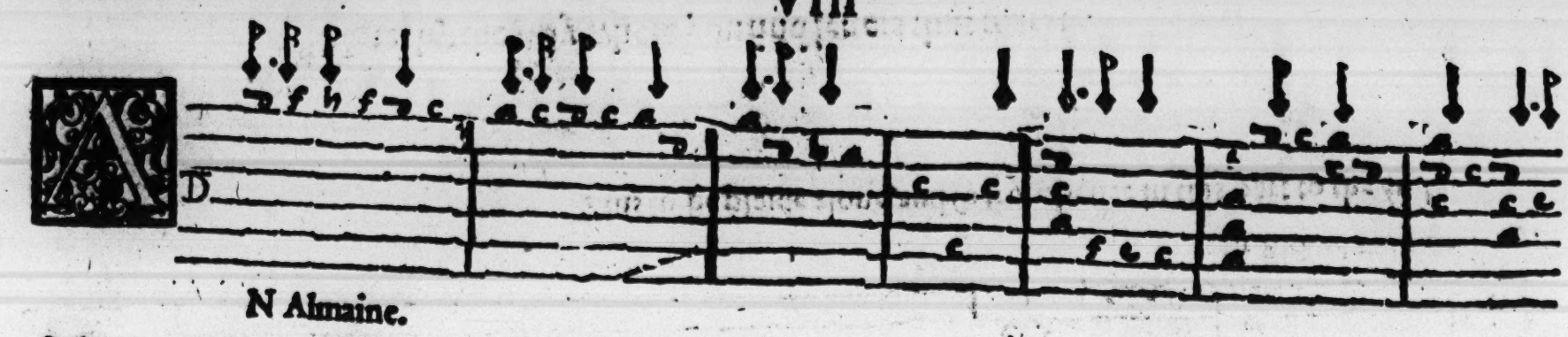
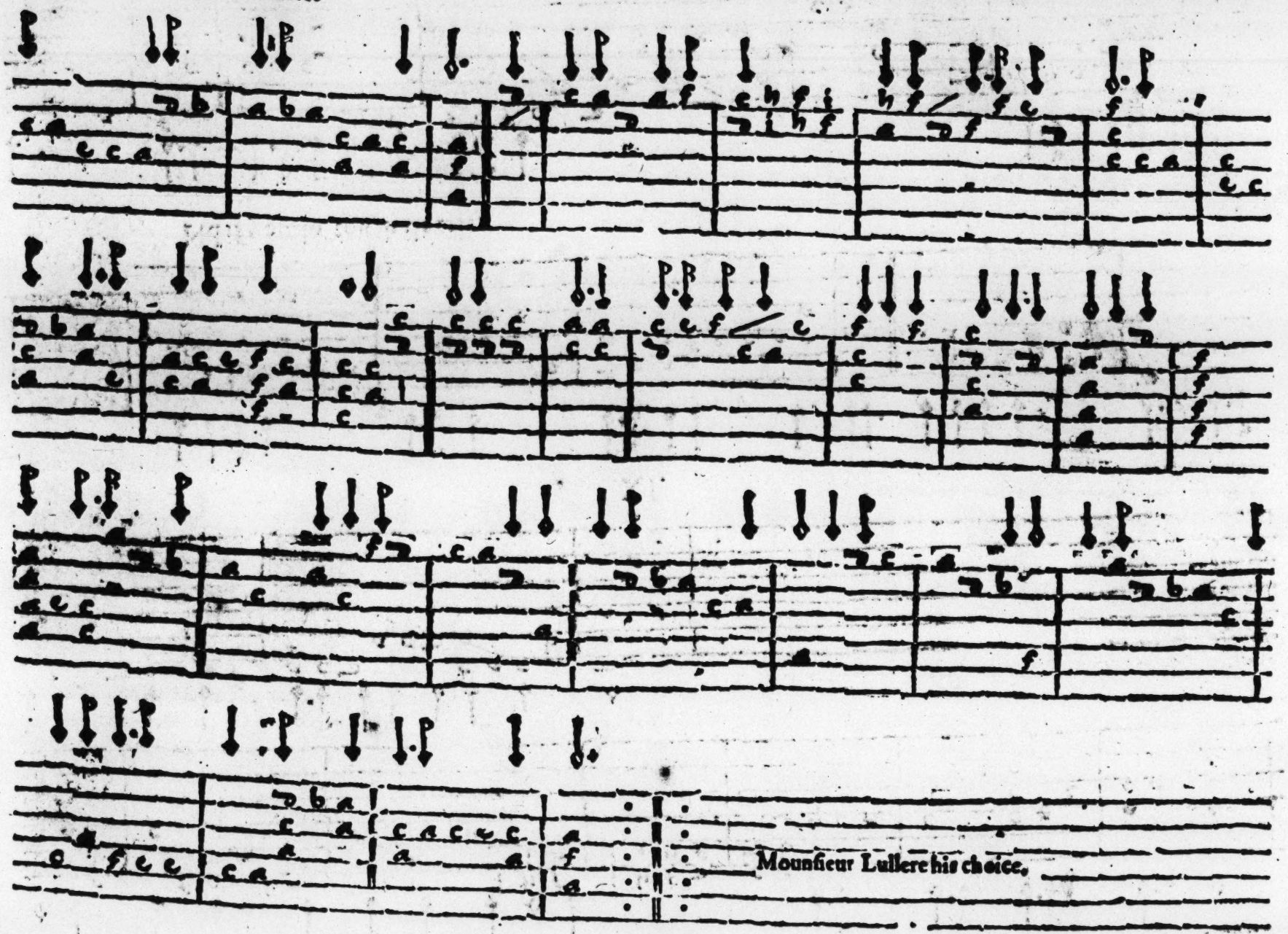
SECVNDA PARS

Pauin.

Sir Richard Wolfons delight

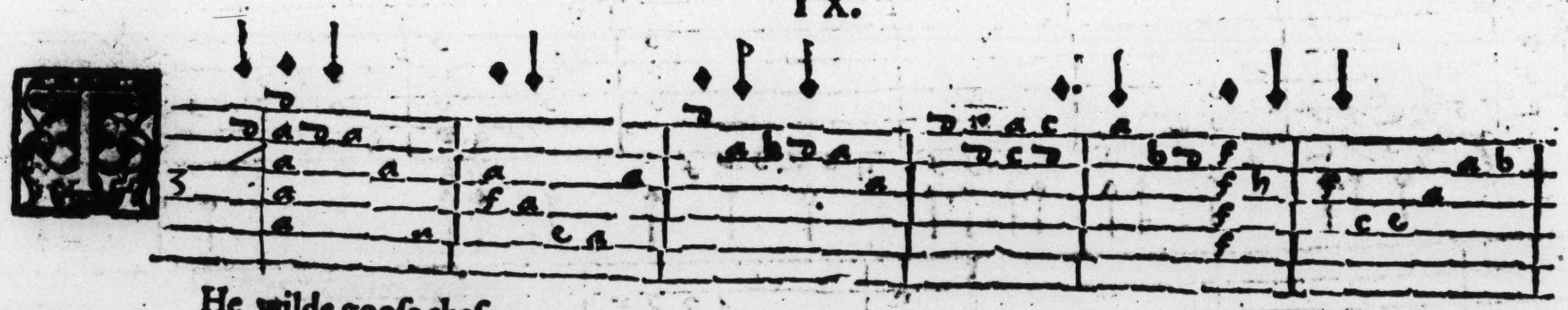
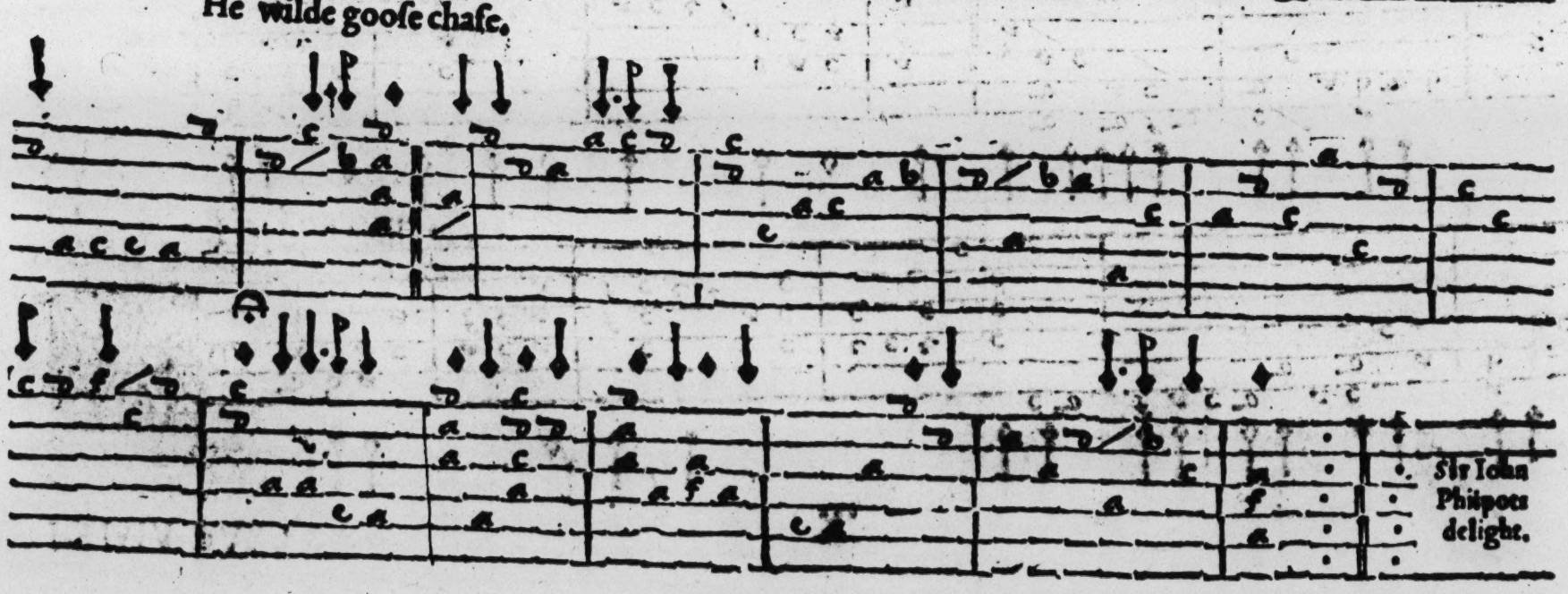
PRIMA PARS.

V III.

AN Almaine.

Mounſieur Lullere his choice.

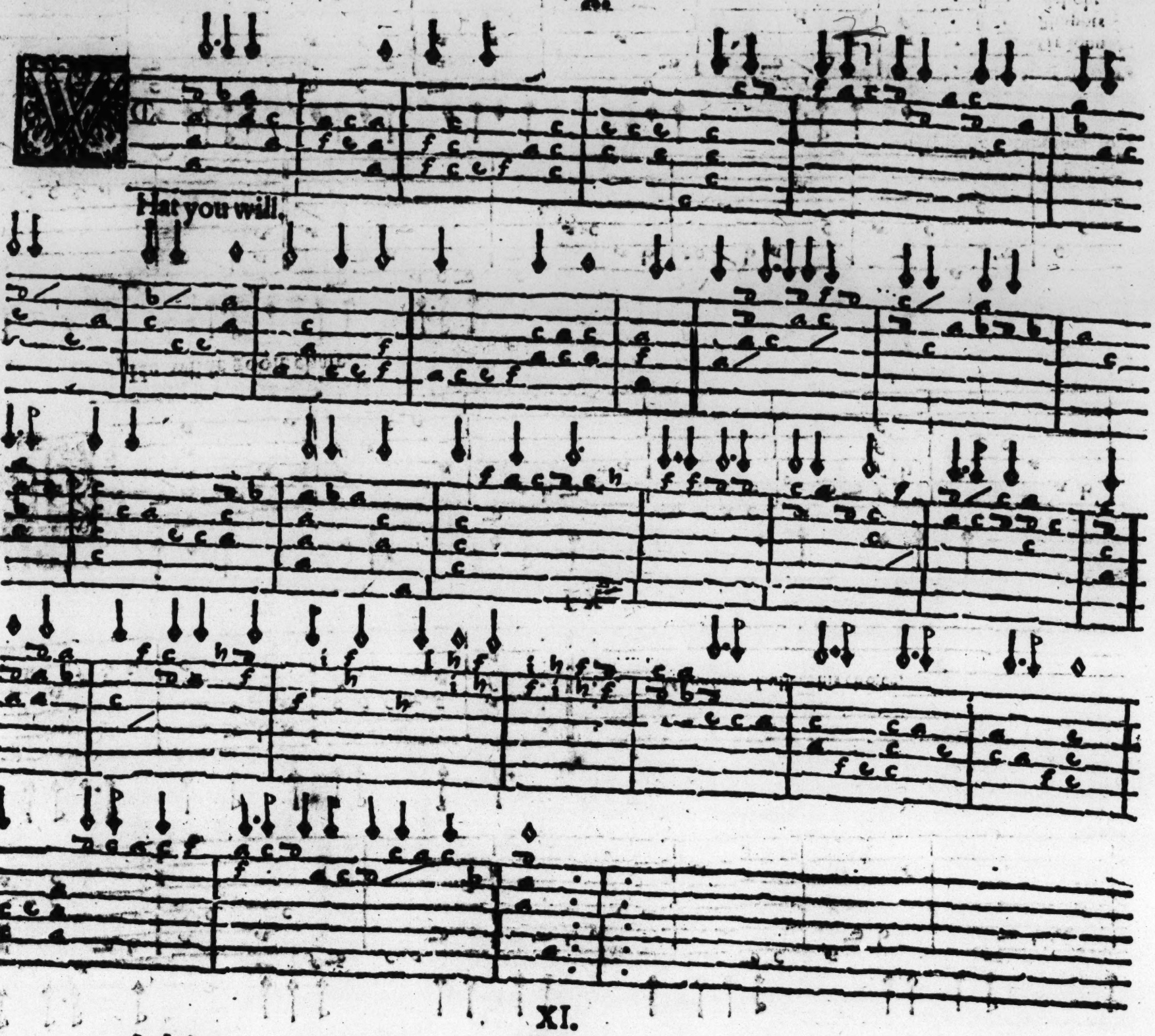
IX.

He wild gooſe chaſe.

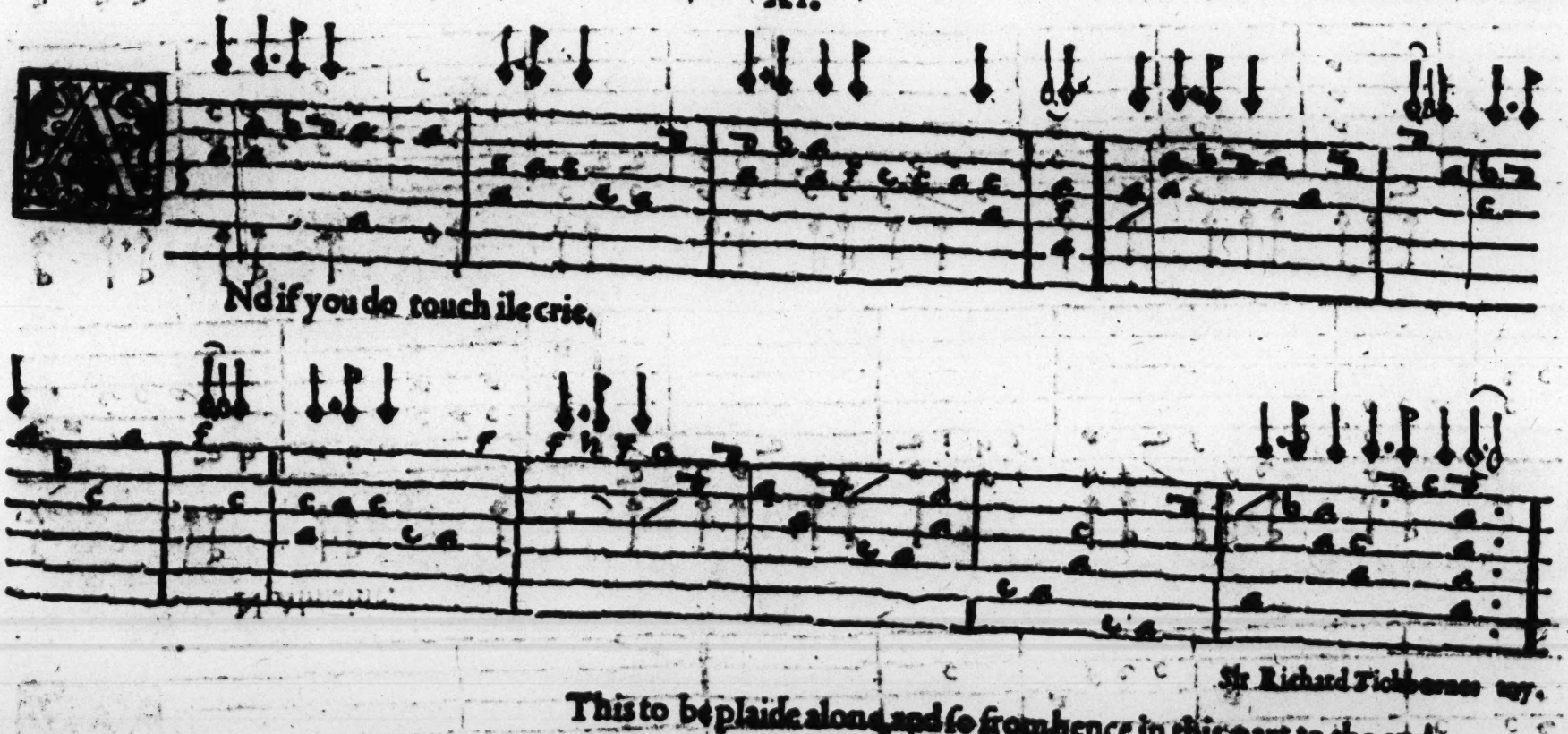
Sir Iohn Philpots delight.

SECVNDA PARS VIII

AN Almaine.

Mounſieur Lullere his choice.

IX.

He wilde gooſe chaſe.

Sir Iohn Philpots delight.

PRIMA PARS.

X.

Hat you will.

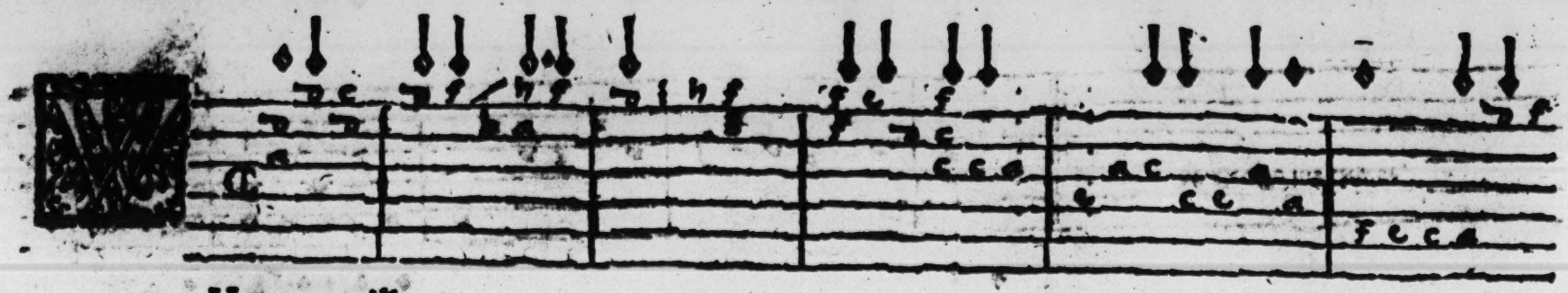
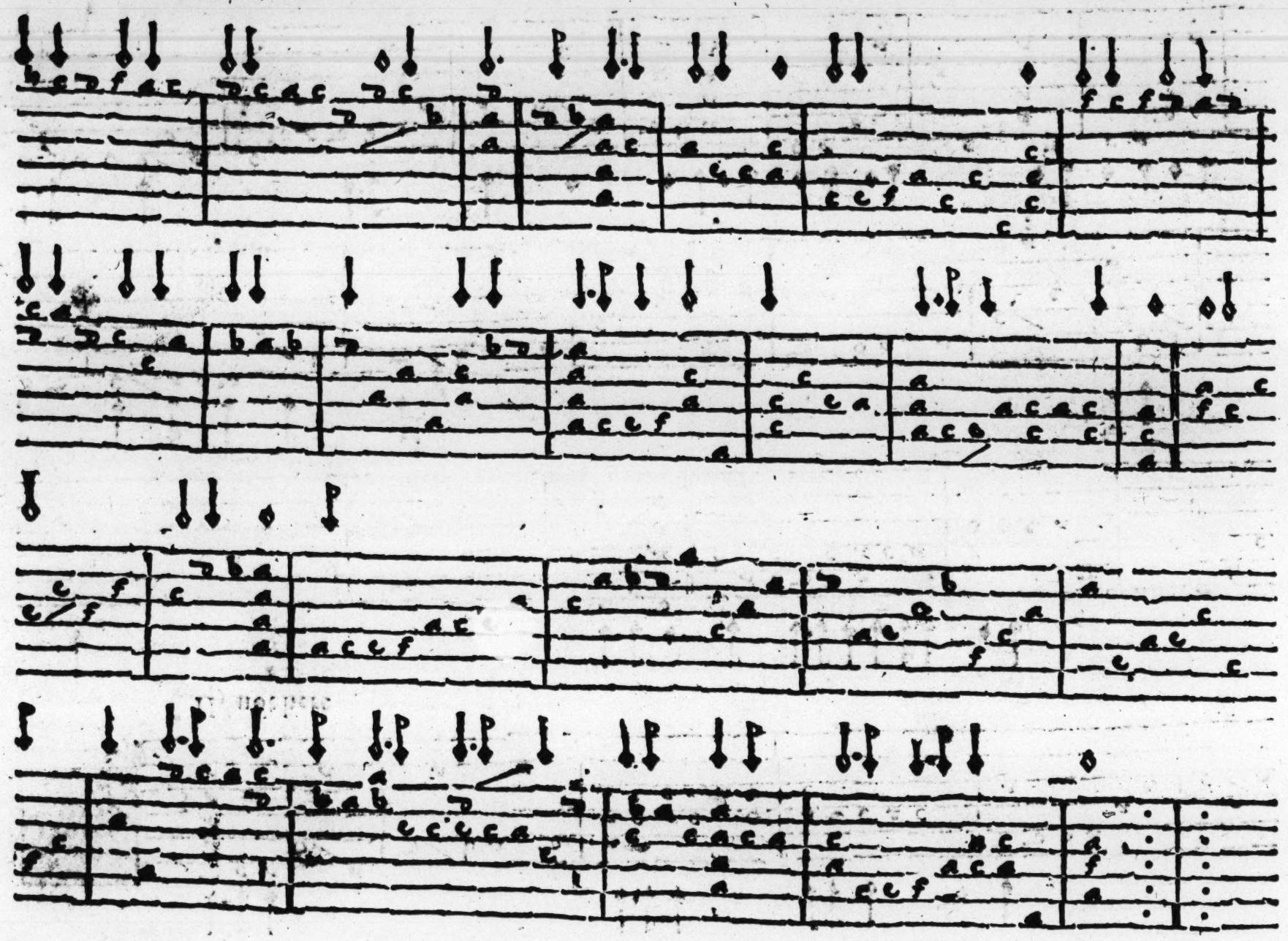
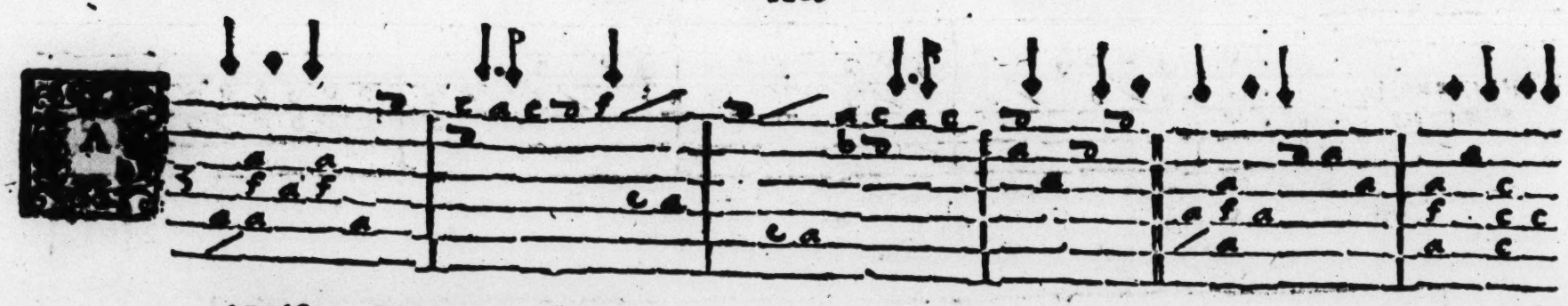
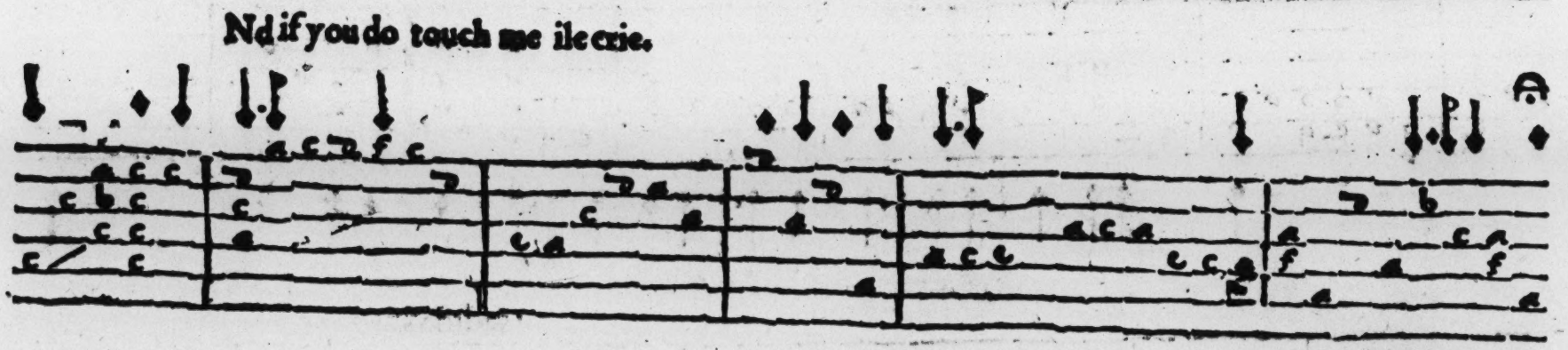
XI.

Ndif you do touch ile crie.

This to be plaide alone, and so from hence in this part to the end.

Sr Richard Fitzherbert my.

Note by the way where you find letters thus markte.

Thumpe them with the first and se-
cond finger of the left hand accor-
ding to the direction of the pricks.

SECVNDA PARS X.

Hat you will.

XI.

Nd if you do touch me ile crie.

Sir Richard Tichbornes toy.

where you find letters thus markt. Thumpe them with the first and second finger of the left hand according to the direction of the prickt-

X II.

THe Baggepipes.

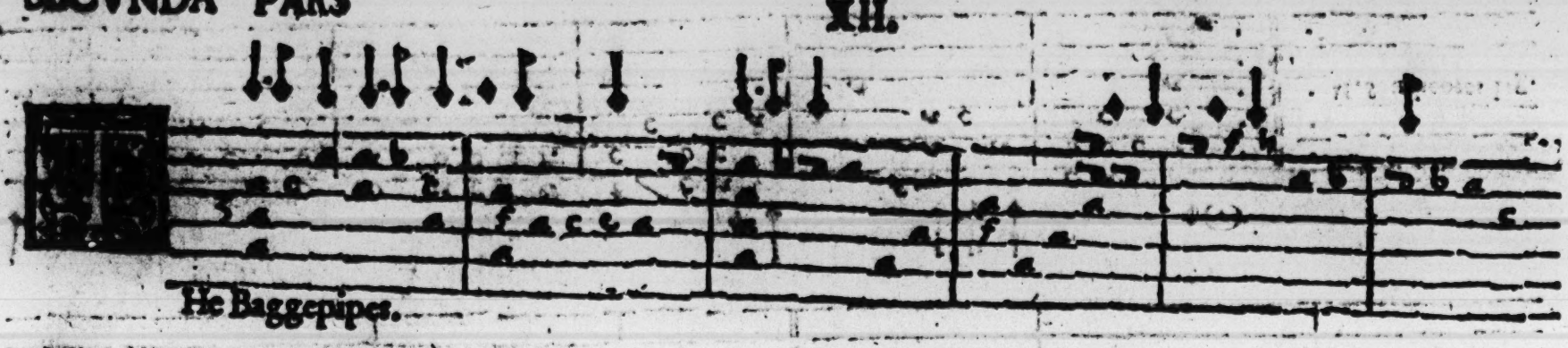
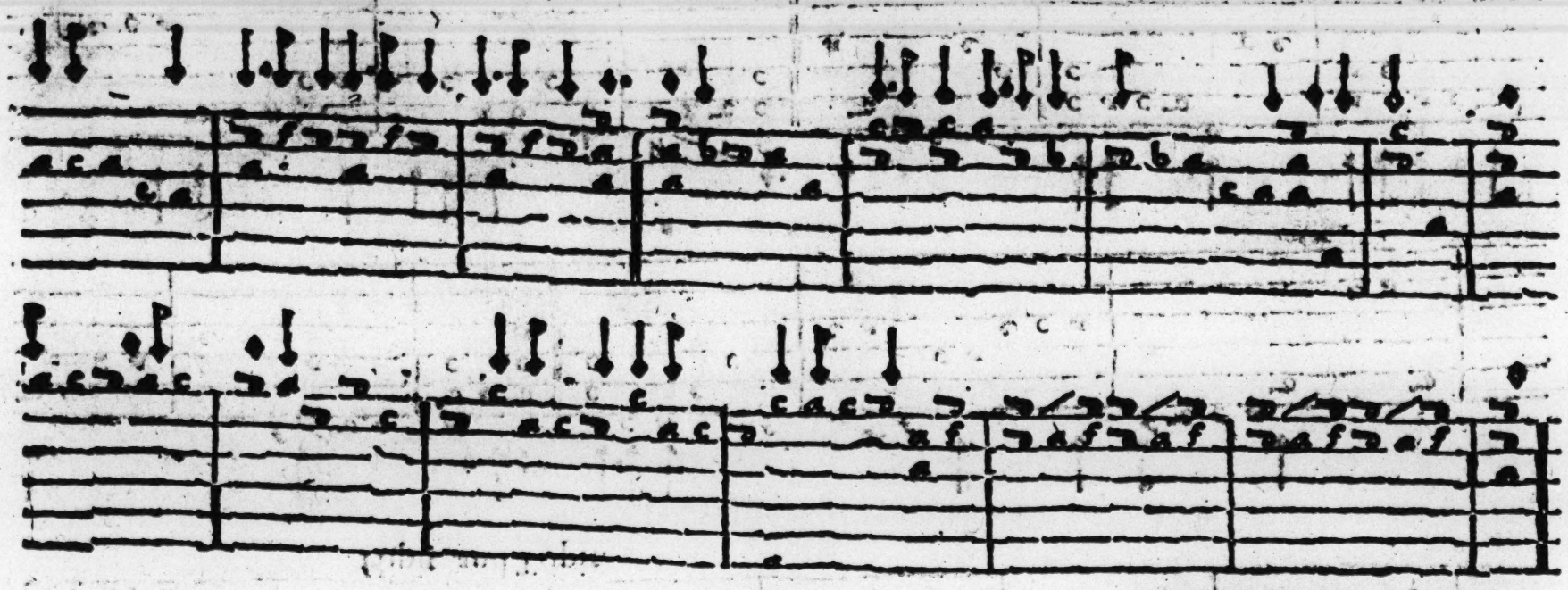
XIII.

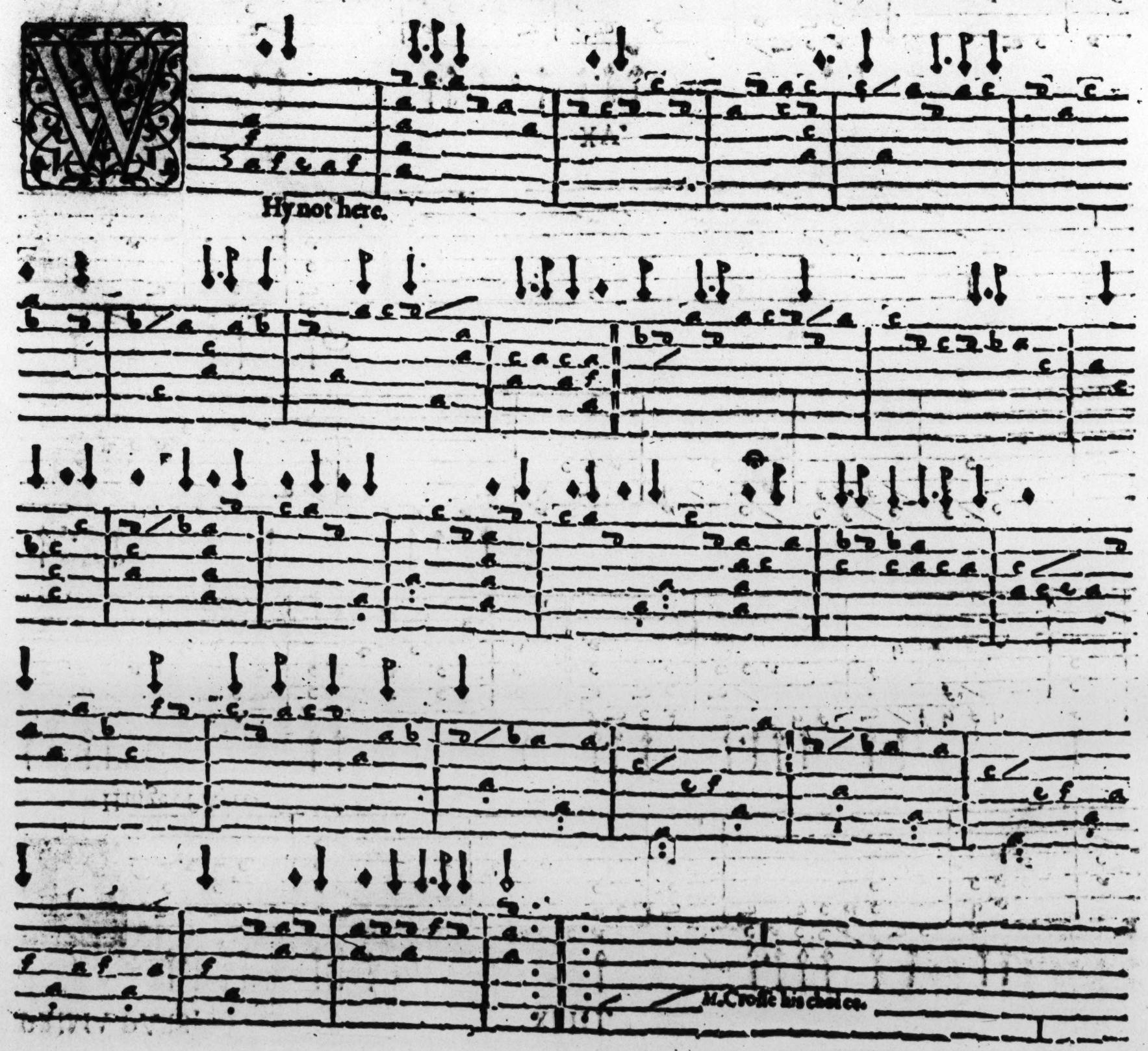
Sir Charles Howards delight.

Hy not here

M. Crofts his pauiot.

SECVNDA PARS

XII.

The Baggepipes.

Sir Charles Howards delight

XIII.

Hy not here.

M. Crofts his choice.

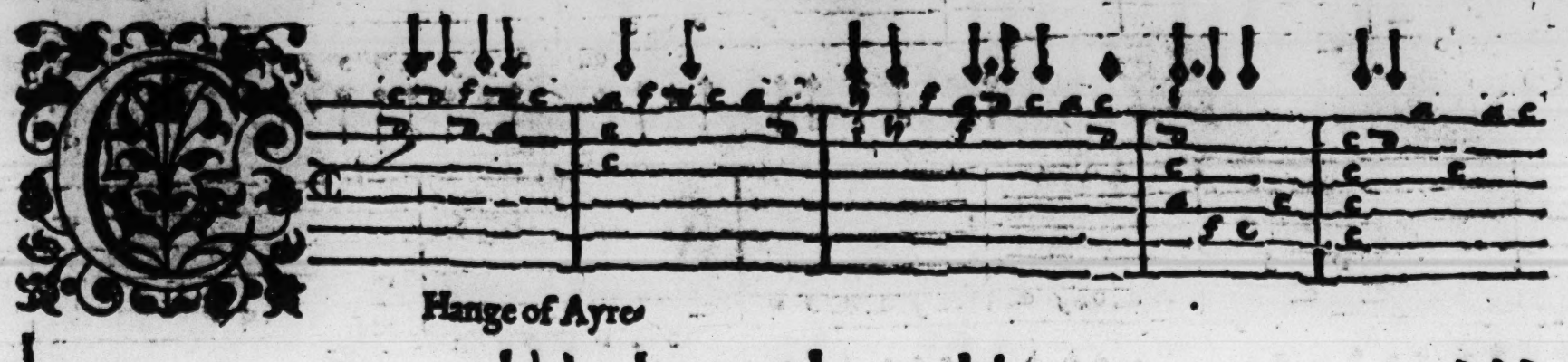
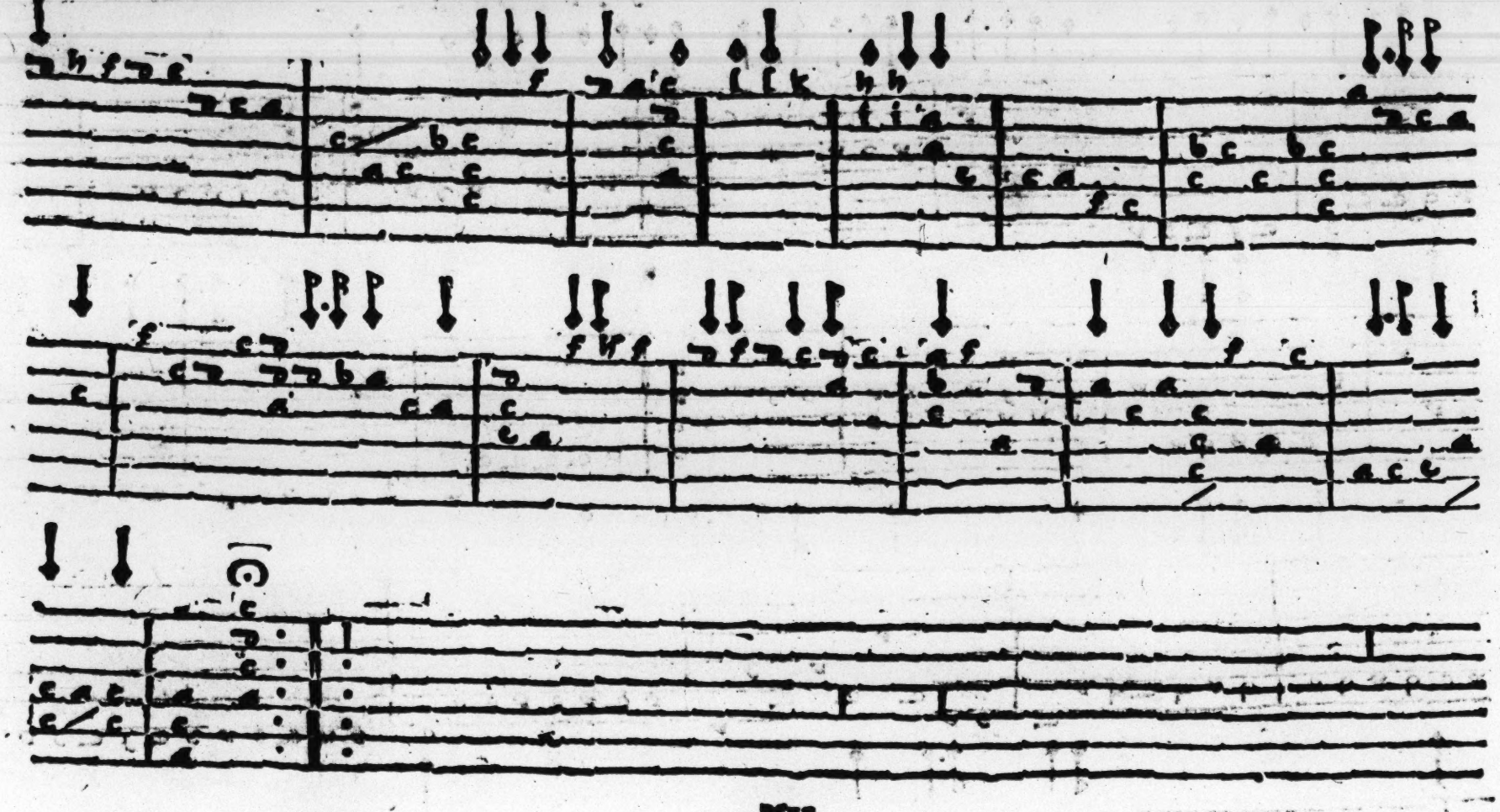
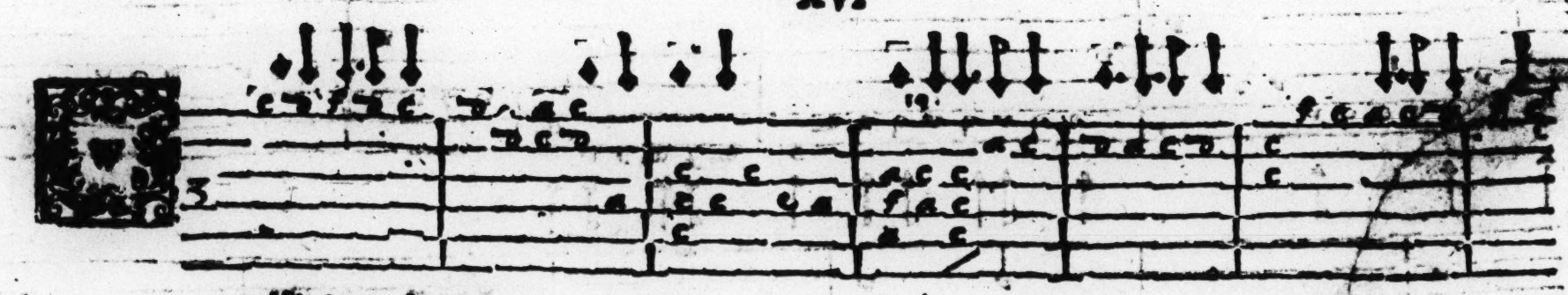
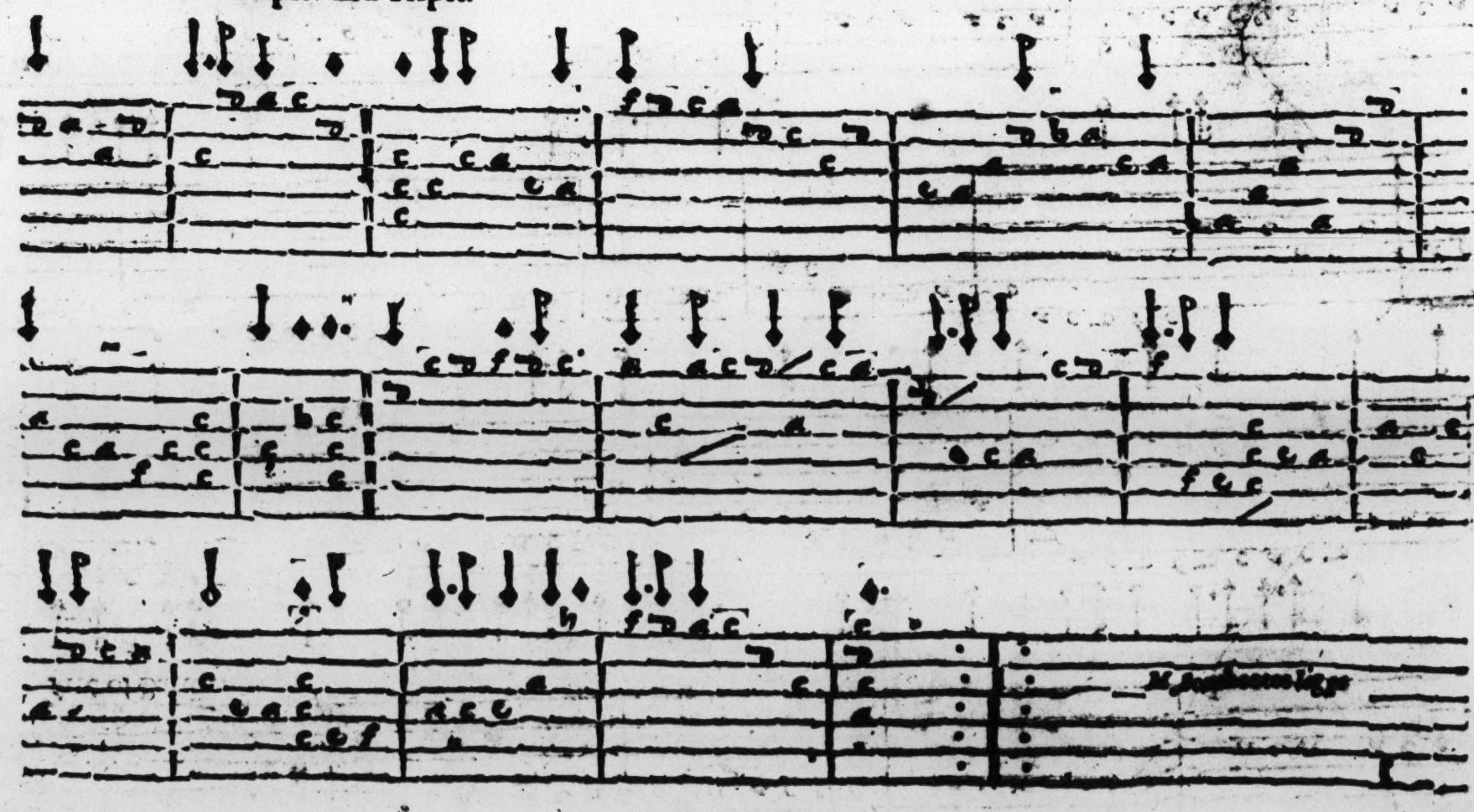
XIIII.

Hange of Ayres

XV.

Hipit and Tripit.

SECVNDA PARS

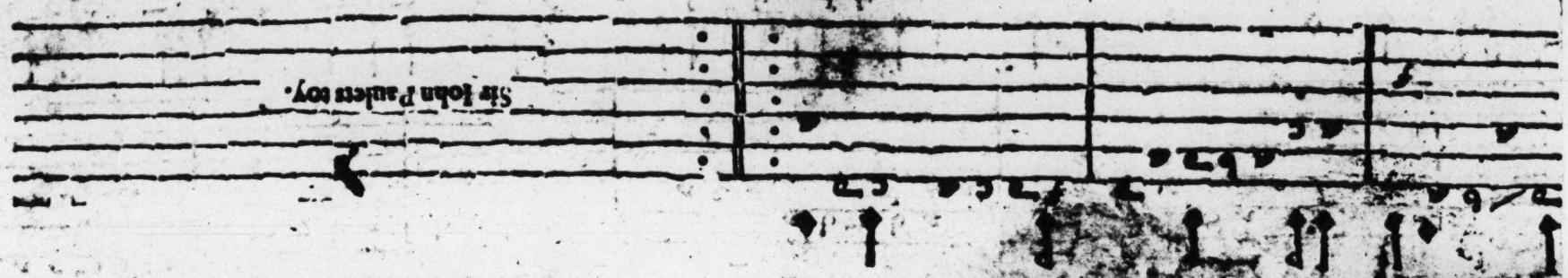
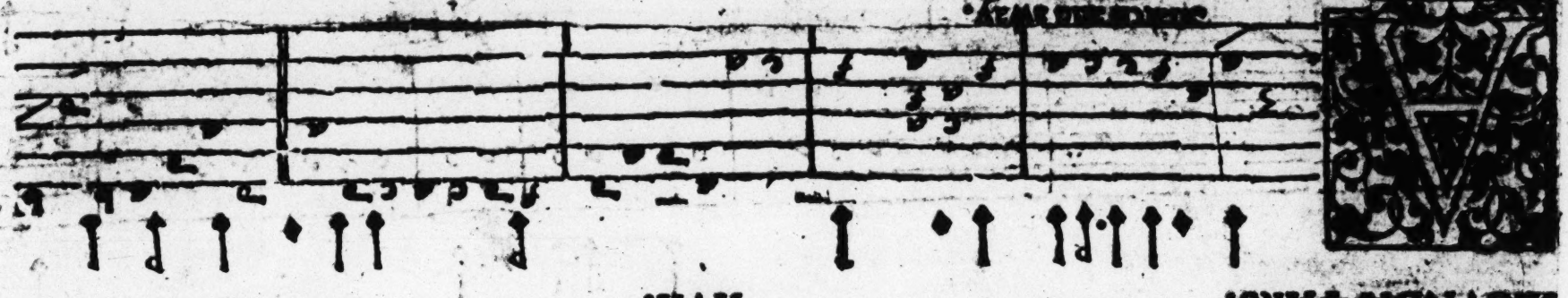
XIIII.

Hange of Ayres

XV.

Hipit and Tripit.

Ate of Bardie.

SECVNDA PARS

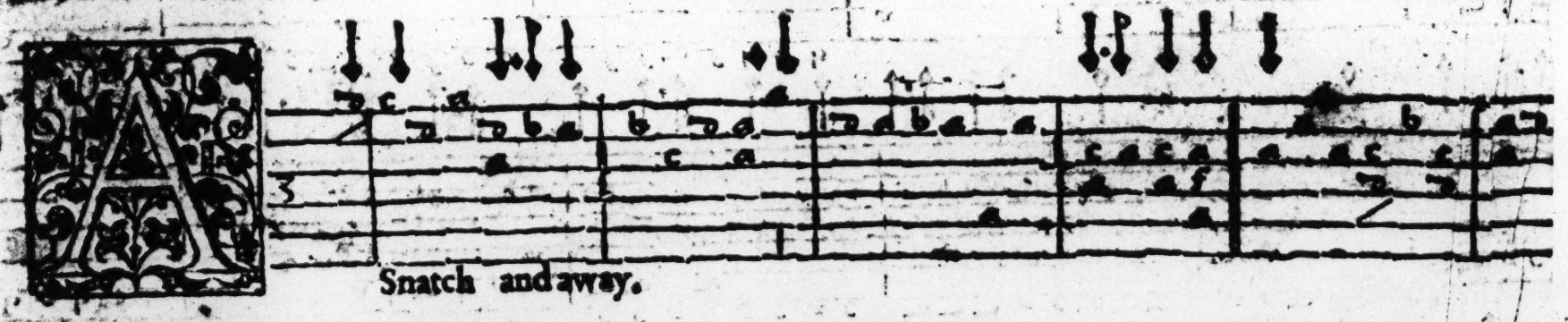
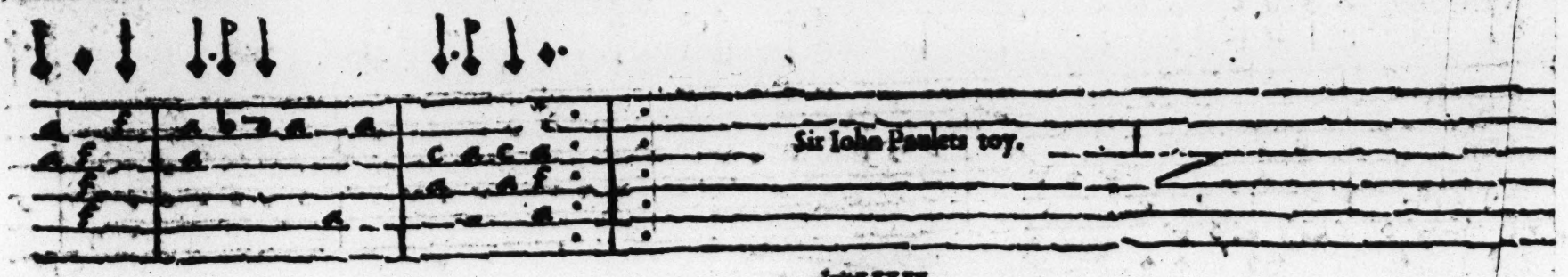
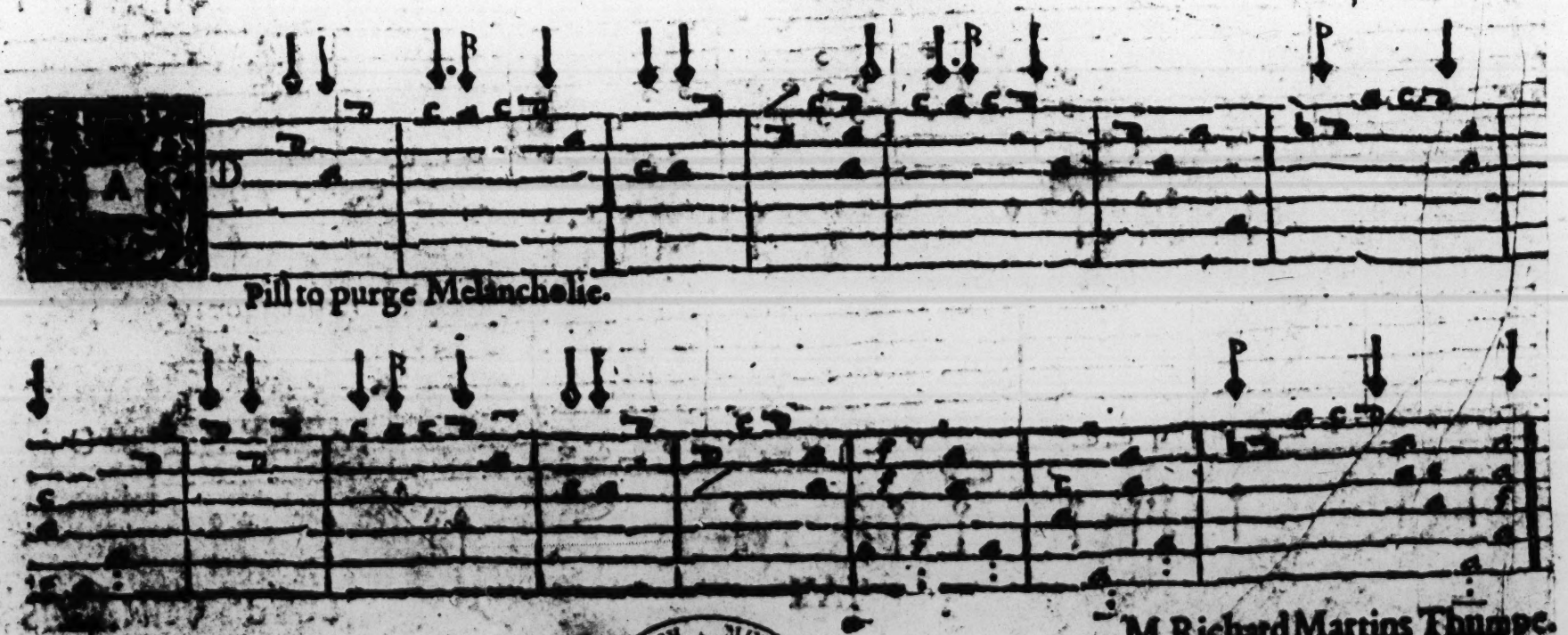
XVI.

Are of Bardie

SECVNDA PARS.

XVII.

XVIII.

M. Richard Martins Thuppe.

PRIMA PARS.

XVII.



XVIII.